Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE

ORDINAL

My words are much more precious than my thoughts.
The thoughts are other people's;I've no thoughts.
I tell you what you think you ought to know,
If you have thoughts; if not, we just combine
For the duration.

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WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

The cover and the drawing on page 4 are by Razzle Dazzle

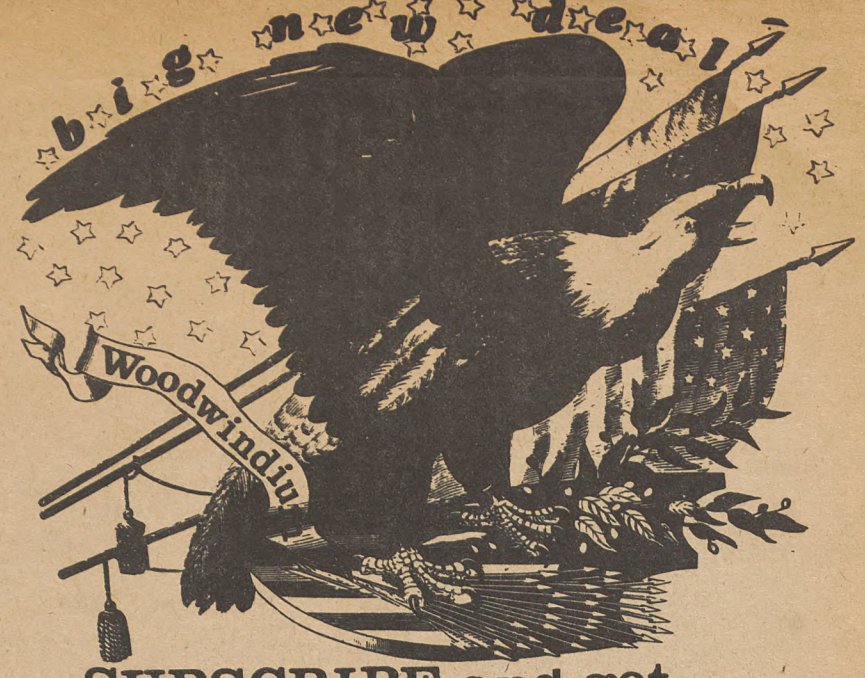
The poem on the cover is by Terence Hegarty (page 4)

The centerfold is by Gregory Kwater- originals of this print are available at Up Against the Wall, 2919 M St. NW.

Page 3 is part of an insert from the album CELEBRATION (Ode SPX 77008), a record whose income will go to support the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence (see review, Page 21). I'm not sure if they have it copyrighted; if they do ,I apologize; it was a beautiful statement and this way, so many more people can see it.

Pages 6 and 7 are reprints from RADICAL SOFTWARE, the fine magazine for the creation of alternative media systems; it is available from 24 East 22nd Street, 2nd Floor, New York City 10010, New York---telephone = 212-982-5566. There are currently two issues available--a very important paper. (Copies run $1.50)

Contributions-Al D'Osche-Tom Shales-Stephen Allen Whealton-Razzle Dazzle-Pierre Blum-Roger Nickles-Terence Hegarty-Merril Greene-Paul Jones- Joseph Lewis-Torri-Tim Healey-Mary Kornhauser-Mike Schreibman-Richard Harrington



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Whispers Among The Living

a few things we value that we'd like to share with you...

institute for the study of nonviolence
palo alto, california

I see mankind as a herd of cattle inside a fenced enclosure. Outside the fence are green pastures with plenty for the cattle to eat, while inside the fence there is not quite grass enough for the cattle. Consequently the cattle are trampling underfoot what little grass there is and goring each other to death in their struggle for existence. I saw the owner of the herd come to them and when he saw their pitiable condition he was filled with compassion for them, and thought of what he could do to improve their condition. So he called his friends together and asked them to assist him in cutting the grass from outside the fence and throwing it over the fence to the cattle. And they called that charity. Then, because the calves were dying off and not growing into serviceable cattle, he arranged that they should each have a pint of milk every morning for breakfast. Because they were dying off in the cold night he put up beautiful well-drained and well-ventilated cow sheds for the cattle. Because they were goring each other in the struggle for existence he put corks on the horns of the cattle so that the wounds they gave each other might not be so serious. Then he reserved a part of the enclosure for the old bulls and the old cows over seventy years of age. In fact, he did everything he could do to improve the conditions of the cattle. And when they asked him why he did not do the one obvious thing—break down the fences and let the cattle out—he answered, 'If I let the cattle out, I should no longer be able to milk them.'

Tolstoy
in a pamphlet to the
Working Classes of all Nations

the life breath we breathe, if we are to be human, must be full—not just with air but with dignity and truth, with lives connected in common concern.

this means we have much to do, for we live in a world that is suffocating in authority and a meanness of spirit.

men, women, children stand isolated in joyless tasks. schools are confused with education, hospitals with health, vicarious living with life itself.

seeking natural order we have instead the chaos and violence of imposed order. richness of spirit and self-reliance is everywhere shattered by the forceful penetration of materialism: life is a transaction.

as long as hierarchy and privilege are structured into institutions shared life is near impossible; as long as men control the lives of women there can be no mutuality. when the good of the state is taken to be the good of all then the lives themselves have no power or meaning.

the life air is thin unless we reclaim it: the grace and power of life is in the doing—with other people.

to end nation states—militarism—corporate business—petitionary politics—centralism—prisons—we must make visible all the ways we are bound to them. they must be demystified and scrapped as the unholy instruments that they are.

this means rooted change, beginning to control our lives, expressed in the day to day work we do, in how we live. we need forms that sustain the vision we seek—so we build in voluntary collectives, in small groups where life flows best, joining others in co-operatives, federations and actions coming out of mutual concerns and needs.

this style of organizing is in its nature participatory, face to face, based on an informed spontaneity. leadership, when needed, arises out of the occasion, as a catalyst and not as a vanguard.

illegitimate authority must be challenged, diffused, the edge of conflict is, in part, through strikes, boycotts—noncooperation. the whole is in pushing out the space around us; connecting to the lives of others.

there is pain and anguish. there is also the strength and joy of love expressed in human life.

the institute for the study
of nonviolence,
box 1001, palo alto
california 94302

OVERDUB

When Shelley played the pedal steel guitar
He kept his special magic in his pants
And stood encircled by a harrowing
Contrivance that excluded one who should
Derive advantage from the things he had:
And this because an individual
Succeeded in preoccupying him.
The crowd increased as stage lights waxed and waned,
And somwhere in the offing one who cared
Would watch his foot and hands, and then would hear,
And then would taste him in her mouth, and then
Would feel his words come slipping off his tongue,
And all inside a space of seconds know
Who she might be. And so she gave him strength,
His own strength offered up to him, and he
Became a rare Achilles in his head,
His armor in his organs and his heart ,
And turned to take the blow and fell the flame.
Outside the night was rich with colored lights.

Wet winter afternoons next this window I've spent,
Shielded from outside where I might have gone
Had not that vast and airy cage repelled me:
Give me this heated cage within a cage, let me look
With the dream behind me, let the words and music come
From their bodily source, let me be whole
At least in anticipation of going home alone
And working till my fingers are numb on the strings.

Now another winter is outside, undertowing spring,
Again the window conjures up the images I live by.
The music has changed from that ancient loneliness,
And I who go home to heaven bear it wordlessly,
Sweeping my voices in its opened chords like echoing rooms,
Making of my body an immeasurable consonance
Like a sculptor's block: from it I will hew my song.

And the woman who has borne me through this solstice
Will know the song before I wake to sing her.
Outside the window snow descends in thin sheets:
It is morning and she is here beside me.

CODE

You must distill an extract of the past
And concentrate it in the coming days.
You must imagine them to be your last,
And build around you, worthy of the praise
That some have always shown you in their eyes,
A battery of changing light and shade,
A universe to make them call you wise
And infinitely draw on what you made.
As for the pain, that's onlu just begun,
You must not spare yourself a single thought.
Your deeds will show up black beneath the sun,
And friends will sell as easy as they're bought
You must not go with them, or be secure,
But, bordering on lunacy, endure.

TERENCE HEGARTY

Lovers in bed
to whom the body is a continent
need no machinery no anarchy
not political but only physical features
depression and relief
desert and watershed
alp and artesian well
dark jungle with cannibals
subterranean dreams

take you and me. . .

Fingers and Thumbs
Livers and Crumbs
From the Table
Superman Reaps
Lazarus Sleeps
In the Stable
Knuckle for Fools
Follow the Rules
On the Label

ADVENTURES BEYOND THE GRAVE
featuring THE APPARITION

App was so thin his brothers said
He was a walking mind.
He cut the rope and split the pole
And blossomed in their kind.

He had not gone more days than three
When women to him said:
"Oh, come, oh, Apparition, speak
The wisdom of the dead!"

App sorely wished his rhetoric
He had not from him flung.
His sisters, not his brothers, now
Stood poised upon his tongue.

The blood rushed in, the blood rushed out,
The quiet membrane broke.
He tossed his head and champed the ground
And breathed madly, spoke:

"It's just you never fade away,
Your wave just can't be seen.
But amplitude and frequency
Maitain a constant mean.

"I'm now engaged in seeking out
The womb that I must use.
You see, I've just been notified
I'll be allowed to choose."

"Congratulations, App!" they cried,
And squeezed him to their breasts.
His wave ran in, his wave ran out,
His hands were in their vests.

The jousting of the gonads passed,
And left him all alone.
App was so fat his brothers said
He was a thinking stone.

From the valley to the river:
when I am green and warm and holding you
and sliding into you and under you
and you recieve me with the breath
that is the sweetest music in my ears
and I can sink or rise and ride on you
drawn closer in your currents
ever to your whirlpool rapids
and you want to bring me
into your timeless estuary
coming indistinguishable
into the endless sea

then neither fire nor air
can kill us when it penetrates
but only deny killing
and tech us of nothing but love

but underneath the death-dealing snow
I hold my rock-hard molecules
aware of you at a terrible distance
surviving on unfelt moistures
and I feel far-away cracks of ice
breaking into your interrupted stream
that shrink in you and threaten you
leaving you to yourself
to do your growing for a season
climbing your ice banks
looking for a tree

oh think of me
when you are overflowing

Riddle: after sending good vibes
into the Andromeda galaxy

i think,i think, i can think!
therefore i am a god
creating thoughts from
seemingly nothing-
my own ecstasies
for you to hear of.
as one god to another
what do you think?

lines written for my baby

good body like a small sparrow tune
of always touching me in the morning
let me be next to you forever
my stomach be your back
and chest be as your soft spine
hand on breast
cock near the soft flowing hills
of your ass
let me lie next to you
and feel the cold feet touch
before we rise up
from sleep
assuming a new consciousness
of tangibility-
light beams striking the eye
four corners and a wall-
let me be next to you my love
while the rain raps down coldly
on the roof
and we are not alone
though our bodies both be bare

i dreamed
i saw Ezra Pound,
bent and gray
with too much shadow
on his furrowed face,sitting
in a golden, gilded throne of straw-
His eyes, those two giant holes
looked into me
as lightning frights a moth,
and said:
"wait, and see young man..."
but 'ere he finished
i shut down the book
and cared not how life
would twist me too.

FOR MICHAEL: A LETTER TO OUR FATHER

In the end

dear Father,
the fates that shape a man's hand are coarse.
but blood runs through the tip,
and me- your shoot-
clings to the harvest.

words will only run down
but not a vein will burst
but with singing

the vine dies
if to the tree its clutch is dead?
a tangent grows
but only from its source.

i believe you have yourself interred
and yet your grip on mine is as strong in the fist.
but believe! and with me intertwine.

and now know truly
i love you for my life,
that singular juice of sweetness
embedded, and deeply proud,
and coursing through
to make me seed in the furrow full.

and knowing that the milk i sucked
was all that you could give,

forgive me too.

on Love's bruised knee

do not weep in your womp
but laugh in the unison
of each miracle-moment.
i have seen the mystery
of your mind
let me relax in its shadow.
you have been pushing too many thoughts forward;
place them in the wheelbarrow of tomorrow's
turned dirt
smell fresh like fisheyes
up close, a step more bare to me
stripped like death of all pretensions.
my mind is chaotic and lovely
but i know your power
i come openly armed only with imagery
in the darkness of your retina
I am a naked reflection
of your flesh
steaming with the smells
and excitement
from your fertilized pores
oh wandering gypsy of the psychedelic hairloom
rejoice in your weavings
rejoice the immaculate amino in simplicity
rejoice the hurdling earth, hungry
for a nitch in immovable time
rejoice the existentialistic nightmare of choice
in a never-ending night

the essence of the selfless being
is waiting
for the blessed ego
of each creature unborn

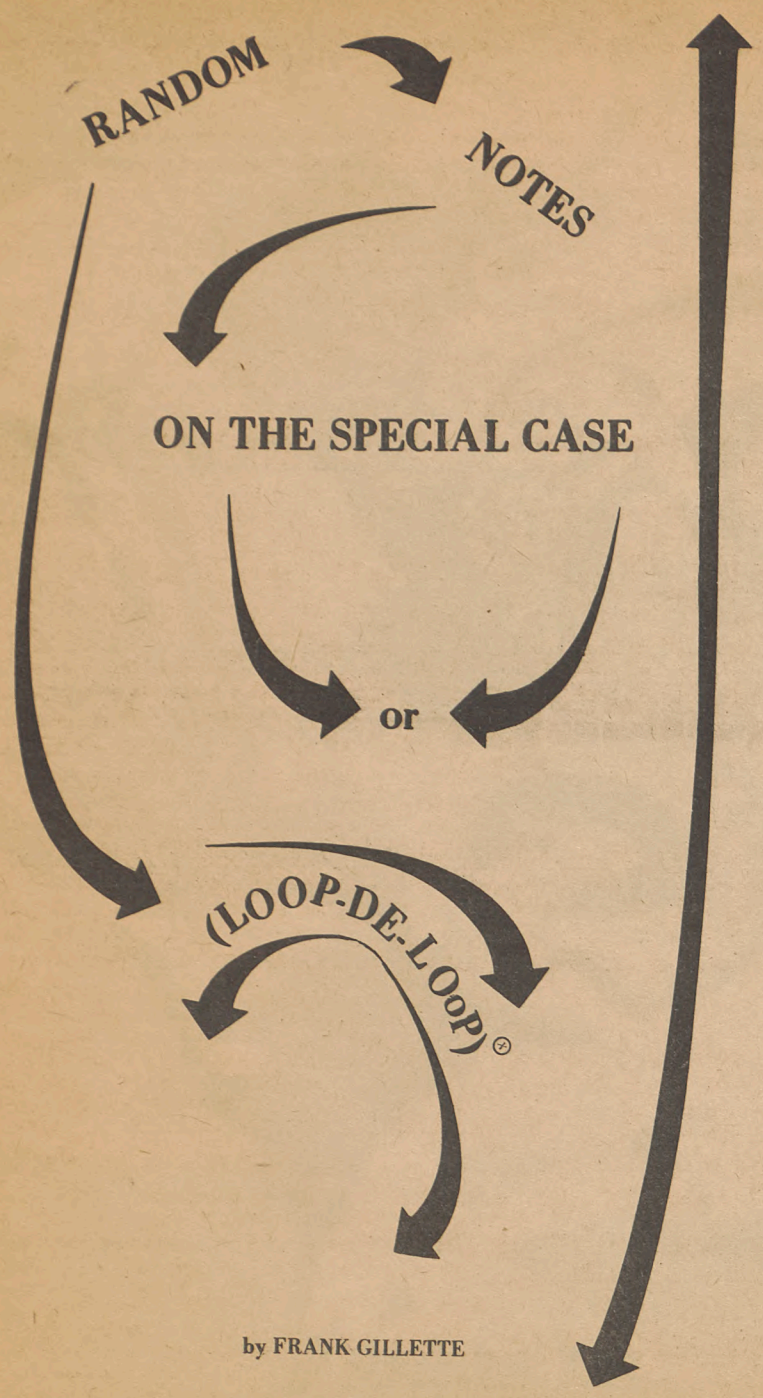
PIERRE

BLUM

pluck the spider from he web
and weep
we are tragic creatures caught
we have eyes which are possessed by society-
a black-indian, a half-breed,
a chinaman in the John Wayne

movies when we were young
even now i can't look
at a half-breed negro honestly,
there is something i must hide
from him.

how he could be a extension
when our eyes meet!
and he walks on because
i considered it useless
to tell him what i was thinking.



Reprinted from RADICAL SOFTWARE (see page 2)

by FRANK GILLETTE

In what *total context* are we suggesting alternate information networks? What is its mood and purpose?

1. Man is now counted among the endangered species. He has thoroughly fouled his own ecological niche and is well on the way to so effecting every other creatures' niche. Fundamental to his own ecological inter-relationships is the manner in which he collects, assimilates and distributes information. This manner will determine the configuration of his survival or extinction. By utilizing a high variety of conceptual models it is possible to revivify perception and restructure an understanding of the environmental realities apropos of its balanced processing of negentropic with entropic forces. Media Ecology has to do with analysing and developing methods for the interaction of modes of communication with their concomitant means of access to information.

1.1 The quality and generic relevance of technological spin-off in television hardware is beginning to dissolve the uniform and unidimensional system TV has come to be, and begins to suggest an entire spectrum of prospective application, simbiotically designed, within an ecological framework. Decentralization thus becomes the dynamic in an attempt to re-establish an equilibrium or harmony of forces. Our tools/toys, with their evolving permutations, when subject to multiple systems of criteria, feedback the data through an exponential curve whose influence is one context of a media ecological method. A second context is the potential interfacing of previously incompatible systems, e.g., videotape and computer terminals, the telephone and the television receiver. Still another context has to do with configuring software entities most suitable to accelerating conduits of access, e.g., "albums" combining separate audio and video tape, print-outs, etc.

What is the context of the rear-view mirror?

2. Sacred cows now grow from test tubes. Our's is the age of neon-Freud and pop-Marx; of vinyl tulips and fey reactions to the law of diminishing returns. It is marked for its principle of violence while its technology has cancelled the principle's meaning. Its technology, in addition, has supplied the planet with an electronic exo-skeleton conditioned by a supra-network of horror weaponery: Brute force is now suave, an act reduced to the flick of two co-ordinated wrists; and Cyrogenics is no longer remote fantasy. Sanctions governing our very existence are the domain of the rear-guard, while their relations with the effects are vicarious.

2.1 Experience alone will never avail. In the noumenal world of things-as-they-are there exists no premium on the measures "proven" in the anthropocentric vaccum of History. "Alarm" as the planet's general state intensifies in direct ratio to reliance upon solutions derived from *past* experience, *past* modes, *past* ideologies. E.g., one of Nixon's various commissions has soberly suggested that the gasoline engine, as we now know it, be phased out of production by the mid 1990's. Its calculations founded and anchored in the ironically combined fears of industrial unions and vested capitalists. The evidence is from the 19th century; the reasoning, that of kleptomania.

2.2. Sacrificial reverence for things past, matched with equal irreverence for the intricate balance of nature, has brought the species to within clear sight of doom. But it has also signaled mutations. Mutations in thought, in alliances, in norms, in motives, in culture. Hence, there is a contest. From the perspective of the entrenched, curmudgeons are milling about the palace grounds, unwilling to accept their assigned role as mere custodians of the technology. While the counter-culture was breaking it's cherry on the sixties-awakening to the reality that as the innate product of the new technology it alone was capable of directing it—it entered, quite forever, an historical void unlike anything prior to it, excepting the individualistic insights of solitary monks and occasional philosophers.

That intellectual space, psychic interplay, and silence solidified by thought which exist between the members of a written phrase is here, in the scenic space, traced between the members, the air, and the perspectives of a certain number of shouts, colors and movements. ANTONIN ARTAUD

(From an Anthropocentric towards a Biospheric Space)

2.3 There exists in our spectrum of cultural affects claims concerning our location in the program of the evolution of conscious agencies. We are at once the center, and not the center, in an acentric macro-design. As a species we presume to "advance"; as a culture we presume to dominate: Our preference for euphemisms as to our past is nonetheless conspicuous. Both as a culture and a species we have tended to divide but not conquer ourselves. "Myth equals Paradigmatic Model" Mircea Eliade tells us; and it is spent myths, fossilizing paradigms, that most structurally define the state of crisis. The counter-cultural response is no mere improvement or alteration of nomenclature. It is at once aesthetically determined and ecologically dispositioned. Its life style is overtly eclectic, while the synthesis of its elements is unique to its case. (E.g., There is a new identification with the land, not only in a return to primitive relations with it, but defining a highly sophisticated responsibility for its fate.) The dominant culture has come to the point where it can no longer distinguish the spell of its vices from the maintenance of its virtues. Thus, without root or counter-balance its vices have become synthetic. And the virtues have acquired the ersatz sheen of patina (not unlike a wife who throws herself piously upon the pyre). Shakeoil solutions for cleansing itself, for shoring up existing paradigms, have assumed a multitude of forms; some are burlesque while others are lethal (the continued indiscriminate extraction of resources in the service of the "Economy", and the palliative *ad hoc* schemes for eliminating endemic pollution). The total process is a dredging for answers within parameters no longer applicable to the questions—like trying to explain Planck's Quantum Mechanics without resorting to mathematical language.

(Historicity as Cultural Mode)

2.4 Dead systems are defined as those in which the parameters are directed by environments with *memory* as the most prominent aspect of the synthesis. Their reality—their influence—lives in the collective memory, history, or unconscious; it lives in doxologies, dogmas, codes, traditions, social patterns, laws. Live systems exist in the relationships discerned from comparing juxtaposed, unconditioned experiences. Experience is understood as the substance (or constant stuff) of the present and those factors directly subsumed by it, e.g., mode, structure of recording (and editing) process, motive. Thus, the present (or total environment) is made viable in high degree as memory, is directive but non-interactive with experiential items and item patterns, and their permutations. This quality of gestalt immediacy which defines the new technology requires an ahistorical consciousness for its most efficient, natural, and globally beneficient implementation.

Plane Falls Into House

SAO PAULO, Brazil (AP)—A light airplane crashed through the roof into the living room where Divaldo Giminez and his girl friend were watching television. Two men climbed out, caught a taxicab outside and sped away. A third man came in and started smashing up the plane with an ax.

Value as the Presence of Event (Art as the as the Present/Future Tense)

3. "What is happening now has significance—in these surroundings. The surroundings give it its importance." (Wittgenstein) "Yesterday don't matter if it's gone." (Rolling Stones) In the ahistorical attitude yesterday is not a salient condition of the surroundings—reverence is reserved for the immediate. We are the consequence of a technology accelerating toward immediacy, resulting in a heretofore unexperienced environmental fusion of the temporal and spatial. The historical attitude of delayed gratification—as a motivational discipline—forced one to regard the present as past in order to enjoy the future. Full regard for the present contains its own internal discipline. In the present-tensed Eastern yogas (which have a homologous but not analagous relevance) this discipline is confined to the psyche of the individual. The counter-cultural imperative is for the socialization of the awareness—the relocation of the present tense in the index of values through the electronic media. The transition is from the chronic preparation-for-Paradise which defines the historical paradigm, to the identification with Paradise as the very awareness of its process.

NOH PLACE

Ira Einhorn

Reprinted from RADICAL SOFTWARE (see page 2)

EVOLUTION →

primitive state
simplicity
uniformity
instability
low number of species
low number of symbioses
high entropy

advanced state
complexity
diversity
stability (steady state)
high number of species
high number of symbioses
low entropy

←RETROGRESSION

Reprinted from *Design With Nature* by Ian L. Mc Haney

"Born under the appearance and the sign of Chance, it is only through reflective purposiveness, slowly acquired, that Life can henceforth hope to raise itself yet higher by auto-evolution, in the twofold direction of greater complexity and fuller consciousness."

Teilhard De Chardin, *The Future of Man*

"It is probably justified to say that any system formed by reproducing and interacting organisms must go on to develop a kind of assemblage in which the production of entropy per unit of preserved and transmitted information is at a minimum. The structures that endure through time are those most able to influence the future with the least expense of energy. The process of succession is equivalent to the process of accumulating information."

Ramon Margalef, *Perspectives In Ecological Theory*

Chaos or entropy is the natural pathway of energy. The tendency of things to eventually come to a stop – *"The heat death of the Universe."*

Man the organizer of chaos, creating negative entropy or information.

"At a first approximation, if to begin with we try to observe it from a purely experimental standpoint, the human amounts to no more than a particular fragment of matter brought locally to a state of extreme complexity or (which seems to be only another aspect of the same phenomenon) extreme 'corpuscularity': the effect of its elaboration being to bring about the positive predominance, on a reflective level, of the purposeful operation of individual centres of action over the workings of hazard and large numbers."

Teilhard De Chardin, *The Future of Man*

The essence of our evolutionary progress from amoeba to conscious man - can be described in three steps:

1. Learning – the ability to store and recall information - a trait that can be found far down the phylogenetic tree.
2. Reflection or consciousness - knowledge of learning - a trait that divides man from the other animals.
3. Meta-consciousness or non re/active states of mind, called 'clear' or 'leptoid' and any number of other names in systems too manifold to name - knowing how to know - total control of all the energy/information available to the being - the correct use of the human biological - computer called a brain. It is a stage of awareness reached by few in human history, but it must become the goal of everyone if we are to survive on this crowded planet.

"In this system there is only the movement of information."

The Late John Brockman

Reprinted from *Earth Week 70*, a publication of the Philadelphia Earthweek Committee.

Similar to genetic evolution, with its process of mutation, energy can be adequately described by the laws of probability.

Frank Herbert, *Dune Messiah*

"The convoluted wording of legalisms grew up around the necessity to hide from ourselves the violence we intend toward each other. Between depriving a man of one hour from his life and depriving him of his life there exists only a difference of degree. You have done violence to him, consumed his energy. Elaborate euphemisms may conceal your intent to kill, but behind any use of power over another the ultimate assumption remains: 'I feed on your energy.' "

Ecology—a new rubric—a new way to express the

E=MC²

that all conscious beings wish to thunder continuously as they contemplate the totality of what man is presently doing to himself and his environment. A radical evocation of horror at our present mode of utilizing the energy which is the legacy of our planetary history.

Ecology is an unsolved problem - a form of a question; something to do about how we live. It is derived from the Greek word for house, the same word that fathered economics, the management of the household. Until ecology and economics became synonymous our *Earth House Hold* will continue to be mismanaged.

"The struggle between life elements is the struggle for the free energy of a system."

Energy is the basic stuff of the universe. Its use controls the history of mankind up to 1945.

Suddenly we are in a new world:

H = - S

H = INFORMATION S = ENTROPY

"Information has to do with any a posteri ori restrictions of a priori probabilities."

Only pure energy has no past

ORGANIZED ENERGY = INFORMATION

Information controls the future. Computers!! Culture is stored information, which can't be described probabilistically. Information is directed by consciousness. Man aware—a cultural mutation (invention, innovation) can't be predicted – the future of planetary evolution is now under the aegis of cultural mutation: information change.

"The old calculus of gain and loss is replaced by negative entropy in which concentrations of information reverse the trend toward disorganization. This is the path man has to take if he is both to use and to escape from his previous scientific insights. In this way, through the understanding that he acquires of the universe he lives in, man in the universe comes to be exemplar and executant of the highest exercise of negative entropy."

Margaret T. Mead, *Culture and Commitment*

Man, the leading edge of evolution, the bearer of planetary consciousness, must learn to be the enzyme of the biosphere: the protector of energy/information instead of the despoiler.

"Anything that accelerates change and energy flow in an ecosystem causes a reduction in potential maturity."

Ramon Margalef, *Perspectives In Ecological Theory*

Facing the swiftest and largest transformation in human history, we must learn to effect the change without destroying the accumulated store of energy/information that is our legacy.

Ramon Margalef, *Perspectives In Ecological Theory*

"Evolution has shown that whenever the need arises the art develops." Buckminster Fuller

TECHNOLOGICAL ART

takes the whole Earth and its population as its material, not as its form.

Counterblast Marshall McLuhan

"In the old environment (pre 1970), information followed $; in the new environment (post 1970), $ will follow information, until the need for $ disappears."

Unicorn

Earning a living is out; spaceship Unicorn Earth is a global commune upon which we all must learn a living. To do this we must make new agreements. The constitution was an agreement that grew out of the first American revolution. A revolution that Philadelphia was deeply involved in, particularly in regard to financing. Now we face the second American revolution.

"Revolution is a turning; the imposition of a new head upon an old body politic. It is an old game."

Unicorn

Revolution is out. Transformation is in. Transformation involves the entire environment and includes the very form of man's being.

"You are co-opted when the adversary puts his goals on your power; you are not co-opted when your power allows you to exploit his means (or contradictions) in behalf of your goals."

Carl Ogelsby

Ecological concern is potentially the most radical mode of confronting our lives, for it forces us to totally re-think our relationship to our environment. It includes all the old linear concerns—the war, civil rights, black power—in an umbrella that will enable us to generate the critical mass that is necessary for the transformation. No conscious eco-radical is forgetting about blacks, students or draft resisters—he is just attempting to find a new way to announce the death of Amerikkka and the birth of the second American revolution/transformation.

G. S.

While Leroi is carrying on about Black cultural survival and other people are talking white, or revolution,

A gang I know of wolves, whales, and owls is fixing to come and eat all you human motherfuckers up.

We must learn to *design with nature* or nature will imprint its designs upon us.

By The Late John Brockman

" 'There may well be limits beyond which the natural rhythms are not amenable to frequency—synchronization with new environmental periodicities.' Violence. 'Warning: the contents of this package may be hazardous to your health.' "

. . . Flea bites occur with more frequency than hurricanes. When events that normally occur with minimal frequency begin to appear more often this is an indication of an instability in the system. Environmental epilepsy.

George Gaylord Simpson

"The association of unusual physical conditions with a crisis in evolution is not likely to be pure coincidence. Life and its environment are interdependent and evolve together."

The recent wave of volcanic eruptions and man made oil spills parallel each other. They are both indicative of a crisis. Man at the crossroads. On the cross. Stretched. A tension that must shortly be resolved.

PSIONICS

Students of Za-zen, a technique of Zen meditation attain the sustained ALPHA state while meditating, as measured by an EEG. The same is true for yogic and transcendental meditators. Children up to the age of three or four years, while awake, are in the alpha state most of the time.

*E*lectronic *T*echnique for *C*entering, ETC, is a self-instructional tool which when conscientiously used may enable the student to attain the sustained Alpha State.

When "meditating" the brain electrically changes from a normally noisy, low volume signal to a high, volume, resonant pitch. This pitch, called the alpha rhythm, in advanced stages of meditation lowers in tone until it becomes the Theta rhythm. ETC, by means of pads placed on the surface of the head which act as antennae, receives these resonant pitches and changes them to an audible tone; thus the feedback occurs which is the basis for learning. By concentrating or "centering" on the presence of the audible tone one learns to sustain the alpha state. Once recognized and under self-control it can be reached without the use of ETC. ETC is ideal for group use since it is usually used only briefly once a day per person.

Two general types of feedback are available, continuous and binary. Continuous feedback utilizes an audible tone which changes constantly with any change in pitch or intensity of the brainwaves. Binary feedback uses a tone which triggers on/off at a pre-set alpha-theta threshold. As used, the threshold is gradually increased so that a stronger alpha-theta is required to trigger the tone.

ETC 101 is continuous feedback only. The others are continuous and binary.

ETC 101 Compact "transistor radio size." With earphone the student may listen to his brainwaves amplified and rendered audible by the circuitry. Alpha or Theta waves become easily distinguishable from the normal brainwave. Uses two 9-volt cells. $75.

ETC 202 A deluxe student model. All the circuitry is molded into a set of cushioned headphones which insure undistracted listening. Student may vary the controls so that the sound is heard only when the chosen amount of Alpha-Theta is present. Uses four 9-volt cells. $150.

ETC 303 Experimenter's model for increased versatility. With this model the experimenter may connect various sensory apparatus such as a light, record player or strobe to the Alpha-driven switch. These may be switched on or off and the switching on-set and off-set delay times varied. Includes headphones and output jacks for recording. Uses 20 "C" cells. $350.

ETC 404 Includes, in addition to the features of ETC 303, a built-in tape recorder and Ni-Cad rechargeable batteries with recharger. With this model it is possible to record Alpha sessions and play prerecorded tapes for use as switched stimulus. Portable. $650.

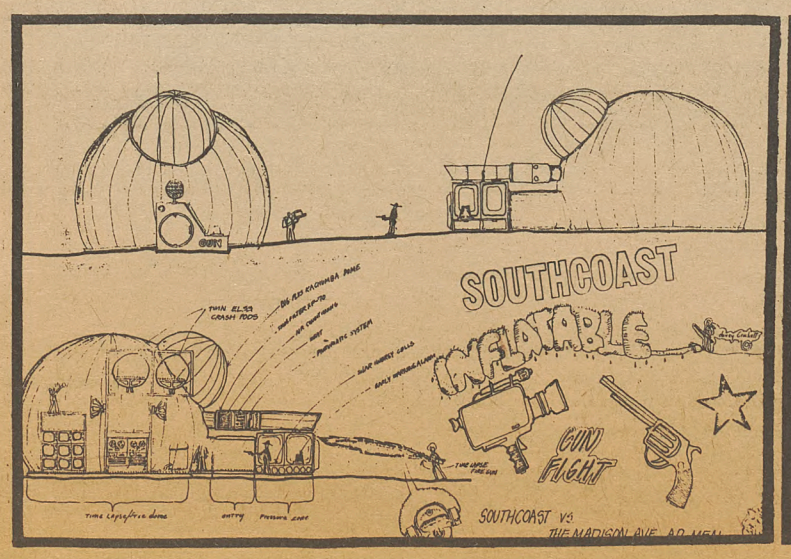
Presently, all orders are pre-paid, certified check or postal money order, with COD shipping costs and 3-4 weeks delivery.

We provide, on a special order basis, units with any of the above features designed for simultaneous operation by two or more people, or units with specially designed feedback system. Special requests welcome.

About 20% of the U.S. population has no measureable alpha rhythm thus rendering an alpha conditioning device useless. Although a continuous feedback device is still useful as a meditation aid, the binary units would be of no use to such persons. If you purchase an ETC other than ETC I, for individual rather than group use, be forewarned of this possibility. You might consider having an EEG prior to purchase to determine whether you have measureable alpha waves.

You may want to read the following:
Altered States of Consciousness edited by Charles Tart.
"Conscious Control of Brainwaves" in *Psychology Today* April '68.
"Physiological Effects of Transcendental Meditation" *Science* March 27 '70.

Contact: Psionics, P.O. Box 1919, Boulder, Colorado 80302.



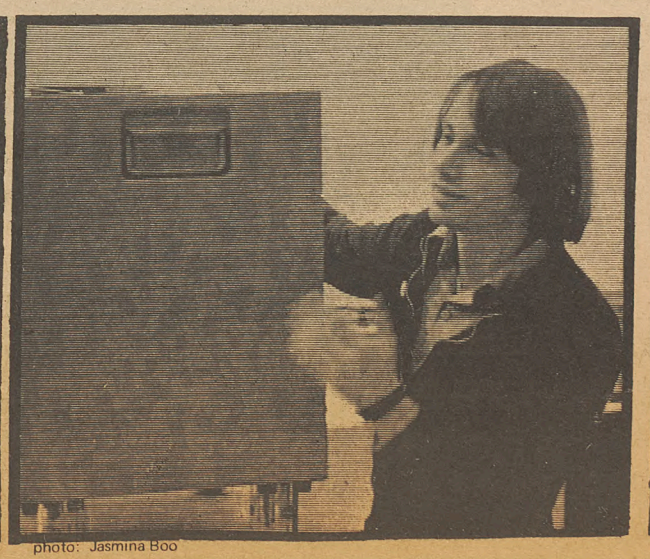
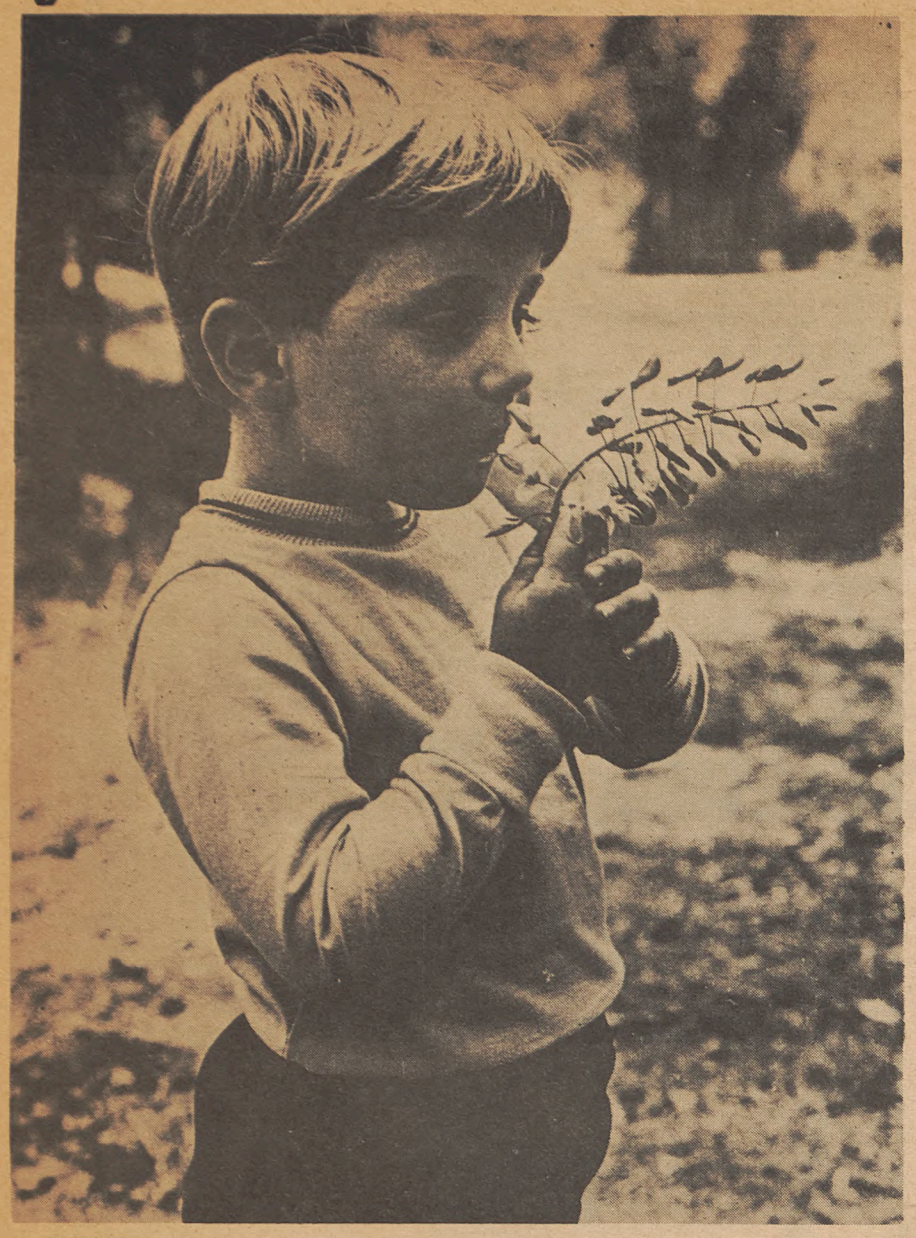
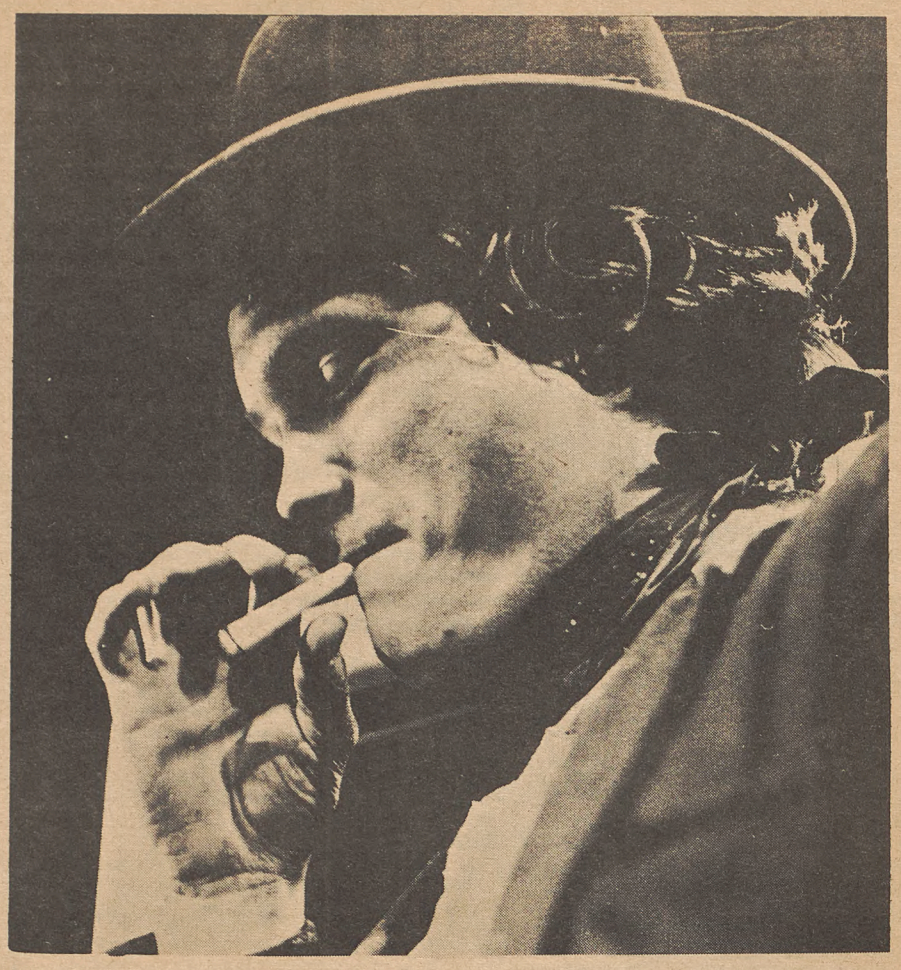
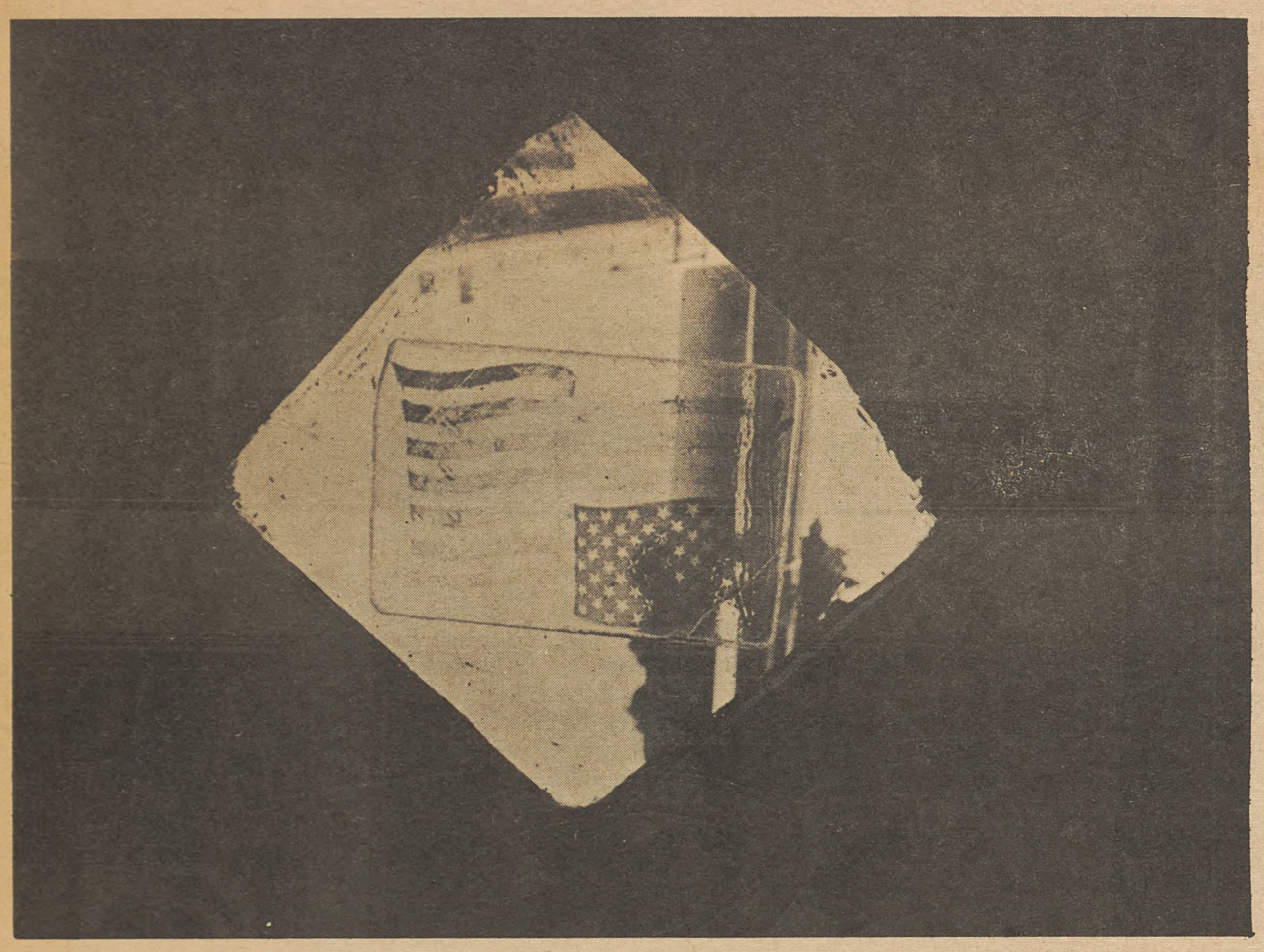
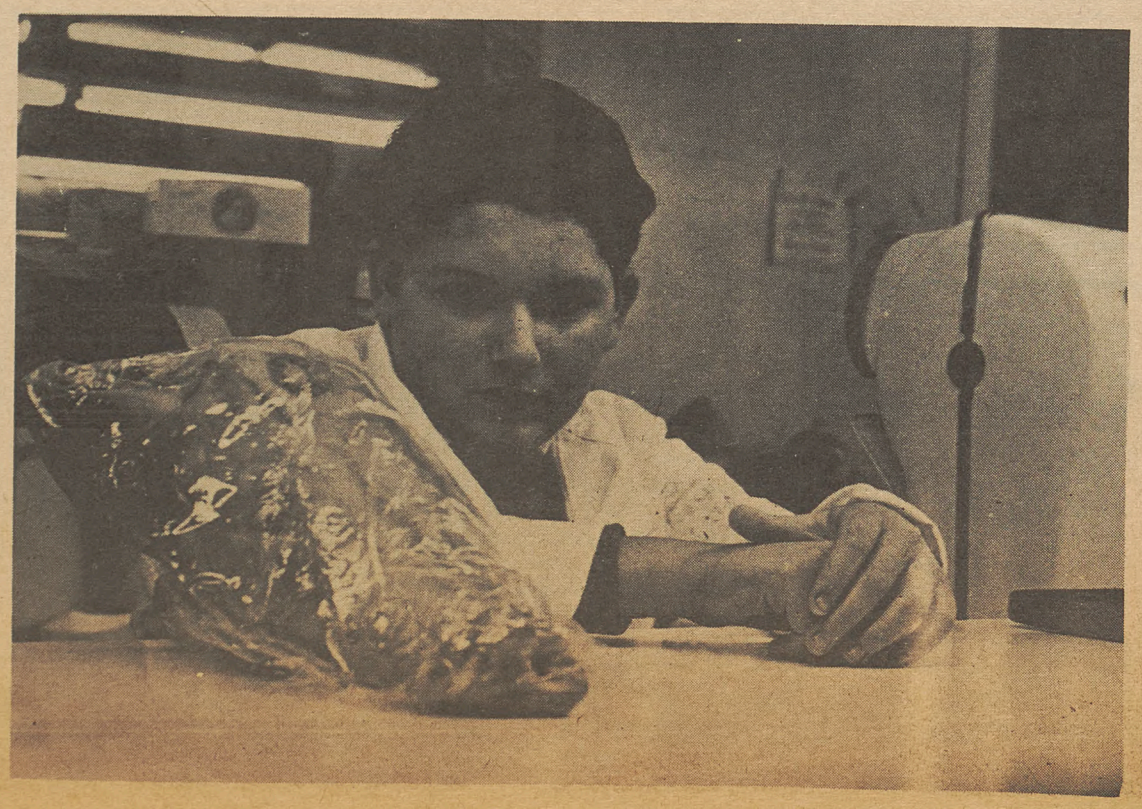


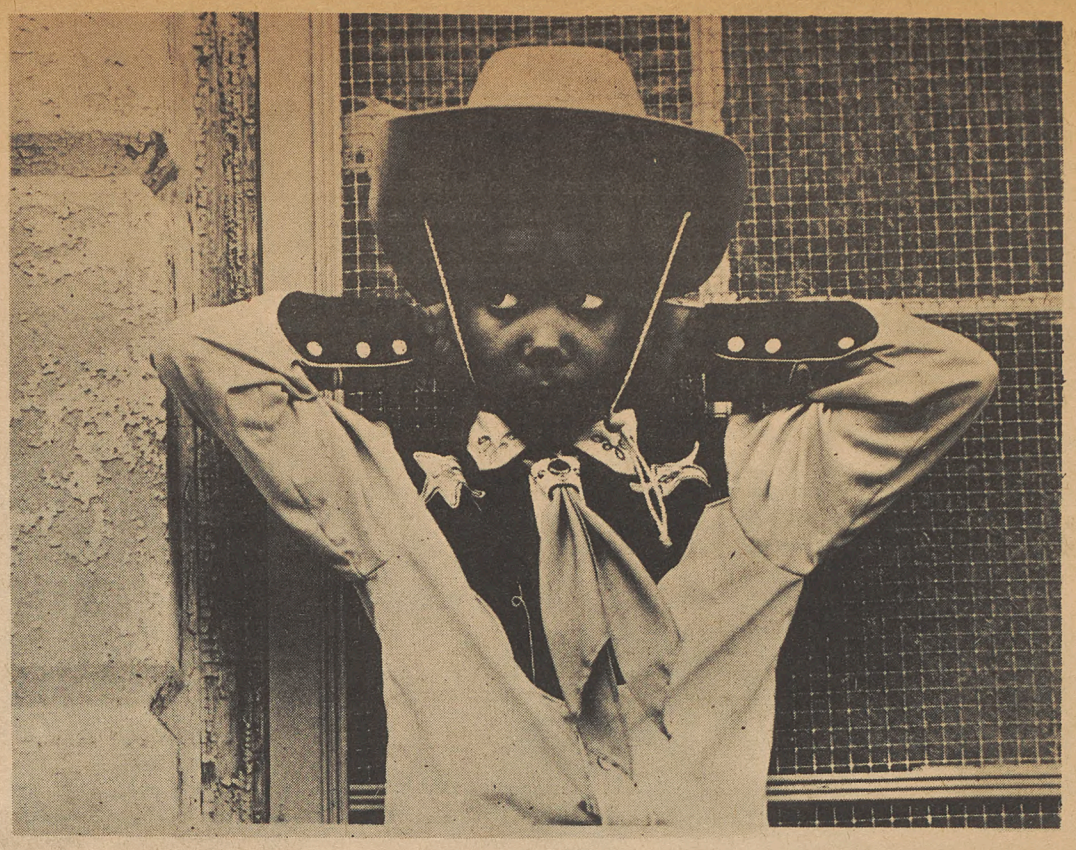
photo: Jasmina Boo

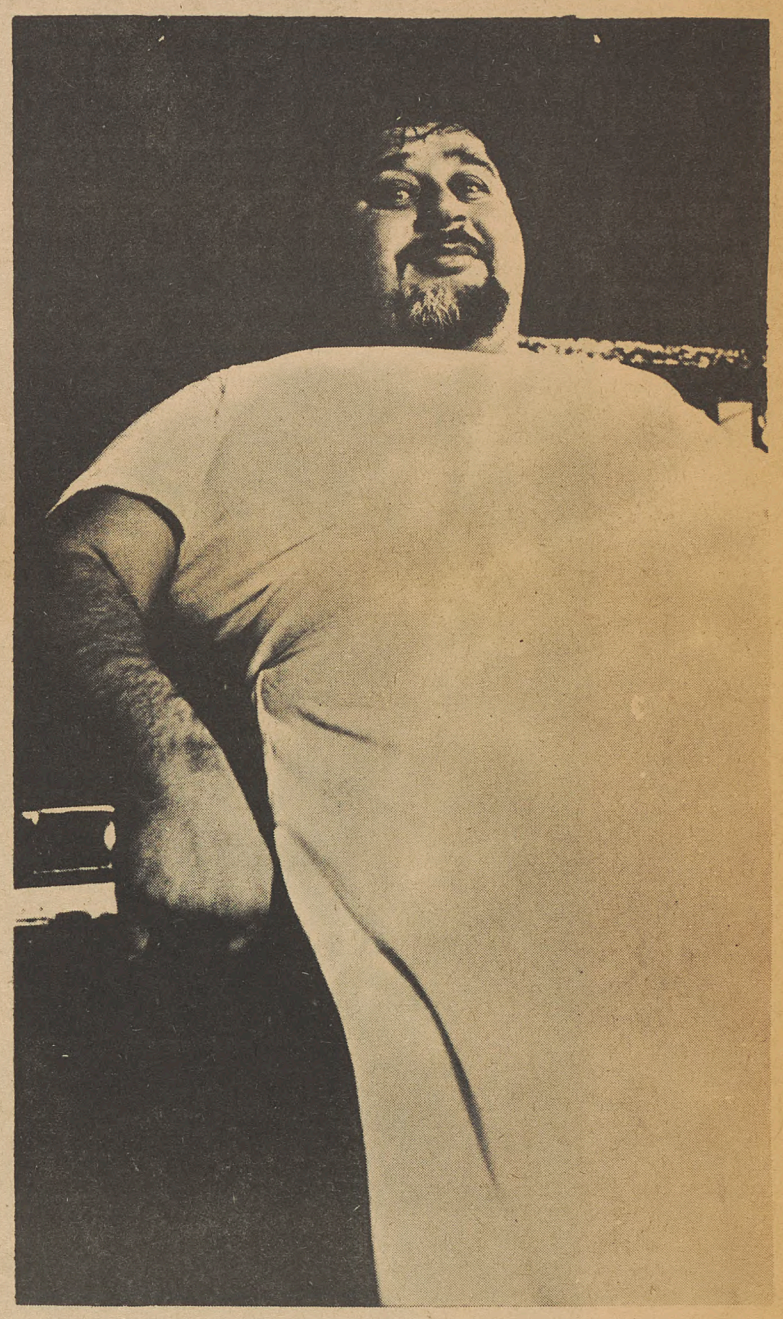












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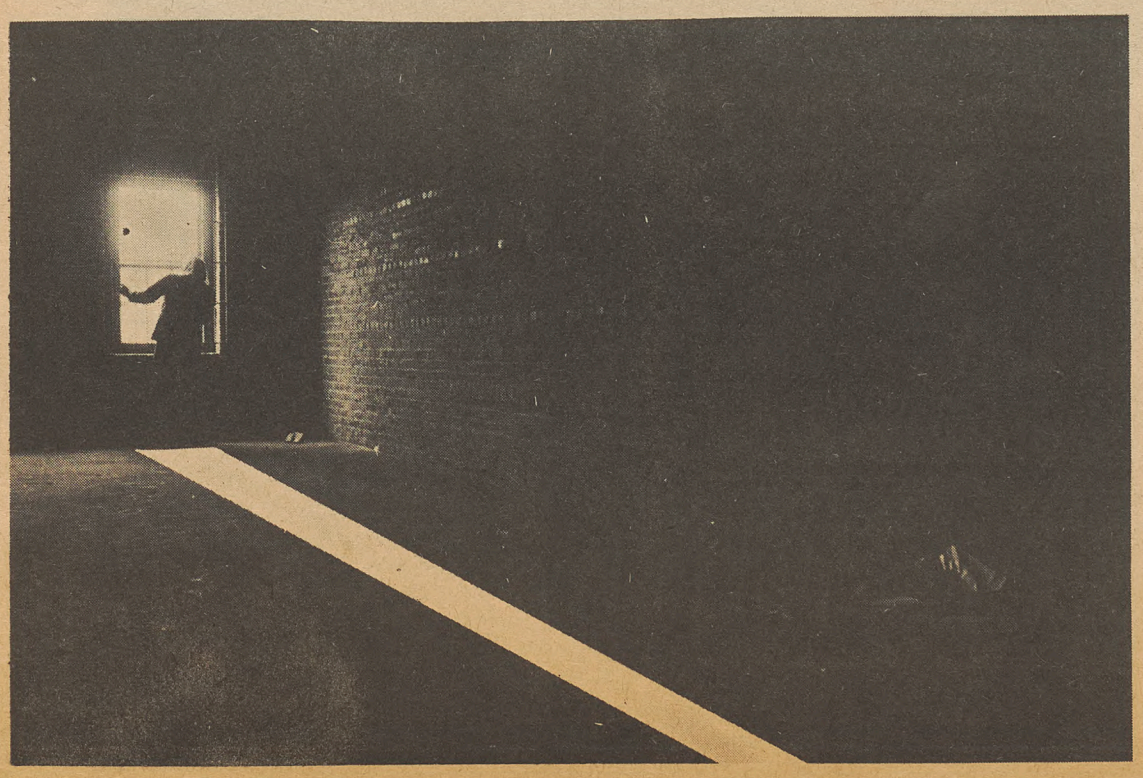


The echoes of man ring in my ears
Screaming escape thru ideals of another age.
Effortless dreams are wept from my eyes
Straining the mask of disbelief.
Thought tides washed over my mind
Ebbing with the new moon of awareness.
Wash away the images in the sand,
Let the gull scream at the indifference,
Splash water,
Beat waves,
Pound sand,
Once more.
Hit!
Let the dawn of existence ease into the dreams
for knowledge
Drifting without form upward and down.
The motion set by the timelessness
Ending in the solemn quit of evening.
Rustle the dry leaves
Kick away the twig.
And run free into the winds.
Letting the chill of another being
Give new meaning to the self.
The hand reaches out for the dust of time
And is greeted by the touch-----
Unfamiliar at first,
It will pass,
To be drunk in thanksgiving;
To be thought on tomorrow.
Reflection in the depth of nowhere.
My heart skips a beat
Holding onto the dark shadow.
Passing close to, in the night,
A warmth is expressed in the center
Flowing easily into the depths.
The being accepting without fear
The gift of growth.
The touch had become one movement
As are the swing and swinger one.

In the pampered care of childhood
He romped thru joyful days
Hearing tingling wind sounds
Dancing carelessly in the grass.
His hand held tightly the balloon
Holding the sphere earthbound.
It tugged impatiently on the string
but he held tightly the balloon.

We recreate our own worlds in existing ones.
The universe of our mind surmounts the dreams of poets;
The words of the dead become an inspiration;
Everlasting dreams give strength;
And man is alone in this inner creation
Of destroying forces fleeing from far,
Consuming the ideas thru the attempts.
He is clumsy at first
Knowing not the ways
But he is led on
To return to a beginning ----
The universe of non-ending circles----
Completing the cycle of existence.
Each movement becomes a challenge.
Overcome it must be with certain eagerness.
Man then will realize that being is a eternity
longer than all the hells.
His mind builds high walls
Hiding in, holding in, a barrier
To be surmounted, overcome
With the intangible way of being
And death becomes a slow process
Of recreating his own image
In the pool of life
To reflect himself in the perfection.

ROGER NICKLES

(from TELL ME AGAIN, a fine folio edition of Mr. Nickels' poetry, available at selected bookstores in the Washington area)

sketch by Steve Belafonte

The deep blue of misery---
Mists of incense fire offertory---
Coin laden purses jangle.
And the soul hits hard down.
Upward throngs of temple tamborines
Making dizzy rhythms in the sand.
Light touch to down curtains
Separating light surfaces in dark dreams
Man slinks into insistent moods.
Floating butterfly movements
Smash against the walls of my mind.
The floor collapses into cloud forms.
The naked forms of man's images,
Raked over coal embers,
Sing to the endlessness of not knowing
With the escape of non-real
Sealed in the downward thrust,
and called children.

A few tiny butterflies took wing
In the abstract of my mind
Leaving detailed patterns
Etched in the darkness
Time pushed its shadow
Across the sundial's face.
Afternoon melted into dusk
Leaving me in a shawl of purple
For a long wait for him.
His arrival made my heart skip
Sending a warmth into my cheeks
For he means a million tomorrows
Of happiness in a moment.
His warmth and understanding
Has deep feeling for another----
For this I still wait in
The cool blue of night.

Whispered thoughts floated thru my mind
Giving pause to the routine of being.
Random ideas fell downward with the autumn leaves
The wind rustled them about
Scattering them about the sodden fields.
Tomorrow I'll bask in the sun
And give thanks to the grey night.
Call my name softly to the wind.
On cloudless skies I'll bound
Reaching down to give thanks.
A careful touch to your hand
To lead you in my path,
Where the poet is left speechless
And we will be ourselves.

The Circle Theatre shivered a lot of peoples' timbers last weekend when it departed from its seemingly perpetual re-cycling of "The Thomas Crown Affair" and "Ten Days That Shook The World" long enough to show "The Night of The Living Dead", a small but sensational film made a couple of years ago in Pittsburgh and --quite possibly--the most purely terrifying picture ever released. I haven't come so close to wetting my pants in a moviehouse in years.

As is sometimes the case with skinflicks, the dimestore tawdriness of "Living Dead" works for it, gives it a sense of awful immediacy--likewise the blacka nd white grainy photography. In a recent Rolling Stone, a film reviewer praised the cheapness and bad acting of a far lesser thriller, "Equinox", because the film was so primitive it looked like a home movie--and thus, a kind of truth."Living Dead" never looks actually cheap,however,no matter how little money went into it,because a lot of ingenuity went into it too.

The film belongs not only to the horror genre but to a sub-genre of blood movies--films in which the gruesome is made almost unbearably explicit. Perhaps the second-best-known film of this type is one which, like "Living Dead" ,has been bouncing around bottoms of drive-in double bills for years. It's called "Ten Thousand Maniacs" and its big thing is dismemberment (I have only heard about the film,never seen it).

Gruesome violence is an easy sensation to exploit, of course. Just like outright fucking is an easy way to titillate in a sex picture. To this extent,"Living Dead" may be,in fact, too grisly--merely suggesting some of its atrocities might have been better--or at least aesthetically more redeeming--than going into such outrageous detail. And yet "Living Dead" is a film that terrifies partly on the strength of its refusal to accept the horror film formula and abide by it. Part of that formula says, with great originality,"You have to draw the line somewhere." "Living Dead" does not subscribe--except to the point that the allegedly human organs and entrails which we see the ghouls devouring are--and it is no comfort to remind yourself of it at the time--hopefully synthetic.

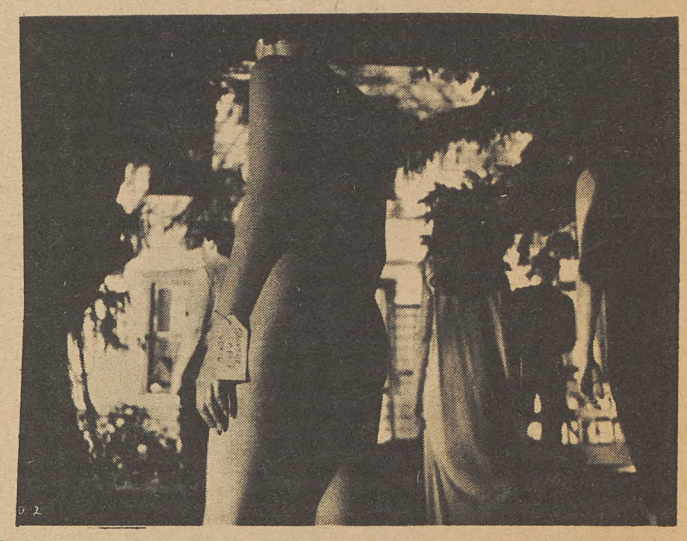
Though it relies on some of the traditions of the genre, it breaks more rules than it obeys. Director George A. Romero and the script-writer,John A. Russo, know which ones to use skillfully and which ones to reverse. There is, for example, little fake fright here--scenes in which someone pounces out from behind a door seeming to be a monster but turning out to be just Joe (we are justified in wondering,in such cases,'If it's Joe, why did he pounce?') so that the filmmakers can get a gratuitous scream. That's just not cheap, it's cheating.

More commendalbly, the "Living Dead" filmmakers craftily avoided over-explaining their premise. This is the nemesis of horoor and sci-fi-tedious,elaborate,prefatory or interruptive passages about why this horribleness is happening and how it can be stopped. These scenes have slowed many films in this genre to sleepwalks. It is a long time in "Living Dead" before we have any idea why the ghouls are on the attack, and the details of this explanation are cleverly and carefully leaked to us a few at a time, so that our disbelief can be suspended by gradual increase. The time-honored gimmick of relating explanations through mock radio or TV broadcasts is used, but effectively. Actual newsmen, I believe,play the roles of newsmen--realistically inane and perceptively flustered by the news they are giving--like, yes,indeedy,folks out there in TV land, the ghouls do devour flesh of their victims (But first,this word from Alka-Seltzer).

"Living Dead" is frightening almost from the first minute. A brother and sister are driving into a cemetery to put a wreath on their father's grave. We can feel something awful coming. The dialogue is not the usual throwaway stuff we'd expect in such a situation. Instead,the brother makes irreverent jokes about the ironies of honoring the dead. He tries then to frighten his sister with cemetery scares,and when he sees a man stumbling through the graveyard,jokes about his being a fiend. He is. What follows is a maniacal pursuit of the girl to a small,down-home house where most of the film will remain. It is a long time before we know just what is going on, but Romero's incredible swift speed pulls us forward so fast we scarcely have time to question. Almost from the outset,though,we know that we cannot depend on any of the cliches to protect us. There is no character so central (or played by anybody so important) that we aren't sure he or she won't get gobbled up. Indeed, the two most likely prospects for this immunity are consumed by fire and ghouls before we even get to know them.

In this way and others,Romero and Russo build a sort of geometric progression of fear. To our initial fright is added the quickly-established fact that we cannot count on the usual scruples of horro film-makers to spare us the worst. We are frightened therefore by what we see,by the thought of what we may see,and further by the realization that what we will see will,indeed, be worse than what we have seen. The fact that the ghouls are cannibals too is not revealed for about 40 minutes,after we thought we knew every dreadful thing about their behavior. Romero exploits our anxiety about whether we are to witness their hideous rites just as long as he can, and then he gives us the highly upsetting answer. Yes. It becomes still worse; the frenzy and madness escalate beyond anything we have seen before until the film's most horrible moment, when the dead daughter has returned to murder mommy with a garden spade.

Characters in horror movies usually behave like idiots. If some of these do, they are nonetheless believably idiotic. Russo has detailed these people with incredible economy; we are told just enough about them. They never seem quite the collection of types we would expect. The old bit of having a traitor in the midst is given a twist here,and the traitor himself, a cowardly businessman, is harshly but credibly drawn. The acting of just about everybody is amazingly good for a trashy movie, especially Duane Jones' earnest,resourceful Ben. The ghouls themselves are just people in pastey make-up, but unlike past ghouls in past movies, they are never in the least bit comic and, though they m ove slowly, they are as tangibly relentless as the film itself. Hitchcock told Truffaut that he usually puts a laugh in after a big shock to give the audience a relief (of course,audiences laugh anyway after scares- at themselves for being scared). Romero has no post-shock laughs for us. Only a few laughs anywhere that I can recall--one is when a public official, being interviwed on TV,reminds viewers that since the strange Venutian virus causes dead people to come quickly back to life, it would be best if they would forego the usual funeral arrangements and set their loved ones ablaze as soon as possible. There are also a couple of laughs over a local lawman who is leading a party of vigilante ghoul-stompers. Do they move very fast? he is asked."No," he says,explaining,"They're dead." These are intentional laughs--not the kind we often get from horror movies because of either stupid dialogue or absurd behavior by the threatened.



Finally,"The Night of the Living Dead" is a courageously hope-crushing film. Every tiny possibility that the characters will find safety or escape is dangled before us and summarily obliterated. And when it is nearing its end, after the most nightmarish night in the history of movies, when we think we see a faint glimmer of a semi-happy ending-even that last hope is extinguished. The film has left us with thourough revulsion and complete despair. While it is not anything so conspicuously pretentious as an allegory,there are allegorical subtleties to it. In some ways the film is mildly reminiscent of Don Siegel's "Invasion of The Body Snatchers",because the threat comes from other people--from even our dead daughters-- and not from monsters or creature. "Invasion" can be taken as an allegory about creeping fascism,or if one prefers,about creeping communism--depending on one's orientation. "Living Dead" is not so direct or purposeful, yet I think we feel a tremendous sense of identity with the people in that doomed,surrounded house because, in our isolated,urban entrapments, we feel the same way. There is something awful on the outside trying to get in. In the film, it's the sound of human bodies pushing against the walls and doors, perhaps the most ominous horror image since all the little birdies ganged up on Tippi Hedren and Rod Taylor. Further, there is the awareness that Out There the madmen are raging and madness itself is motive. In an age of Kent State,My Lai,Dallas,Memphis,and Chicago--in the century of Hiroshima-- when paranoia runs rampant,we may indeed feel like those caged victims,ourselves the last small spark of reason and humanity. But they're out there. They won't go away. Their atrocities grow wilder. Soon we will be one of them."The Night of the Living Dead' exploits not only our most basic fears,but our most American fears. It is a great American horror movie.

Incidentally,I don't mean to impugn the imagination of the Circle Theatre management as far as its booking policies are concerned. It's just that, whatever good films it frequently shows, the Circle seems to deal within a rather narrow realm. Occasionally,the perimeters of that realm are crossed,and this time, the results were spectacular. They were turning people away from "Night of the Living Dead". The problem is not that the managers of the theatre are lazy, but that the moviegoers are. They aren't adventurous enough,they are slow to respond,and here in Washington, where every trend arrives three years late if at all, they almost refuse to innovate. In the past, the Circle has taken chances on offbeat films and taken a brubbing besides. And the support being given the American Film Institute Theatre is unhappily insufficient as well. It is a pleasure to see a movie with an audience full of movielovers. This satisfaction can be felt mainly at theatres like the Circle,the Biograph ,and AFI. But as moviegoers and filmlovers,we should encourage them not to routines and predictables, but to daring and experimentation. For them to take chances,we must be willing to take chances ourselves.

Personally,science fiction and horror films comprise one(or two) of my favorite genres,and for a technological age,sci-fi can be fantastically relevant,even when it's silly. Perhaps the forthcoming "Andromeda Strain" and an upcoming AFI sci-fi series will encourage the Circle and other theatres to show more of the neglected sci-fi pictures of the past several years. If it does, I hope you will get off your ass and go see them.

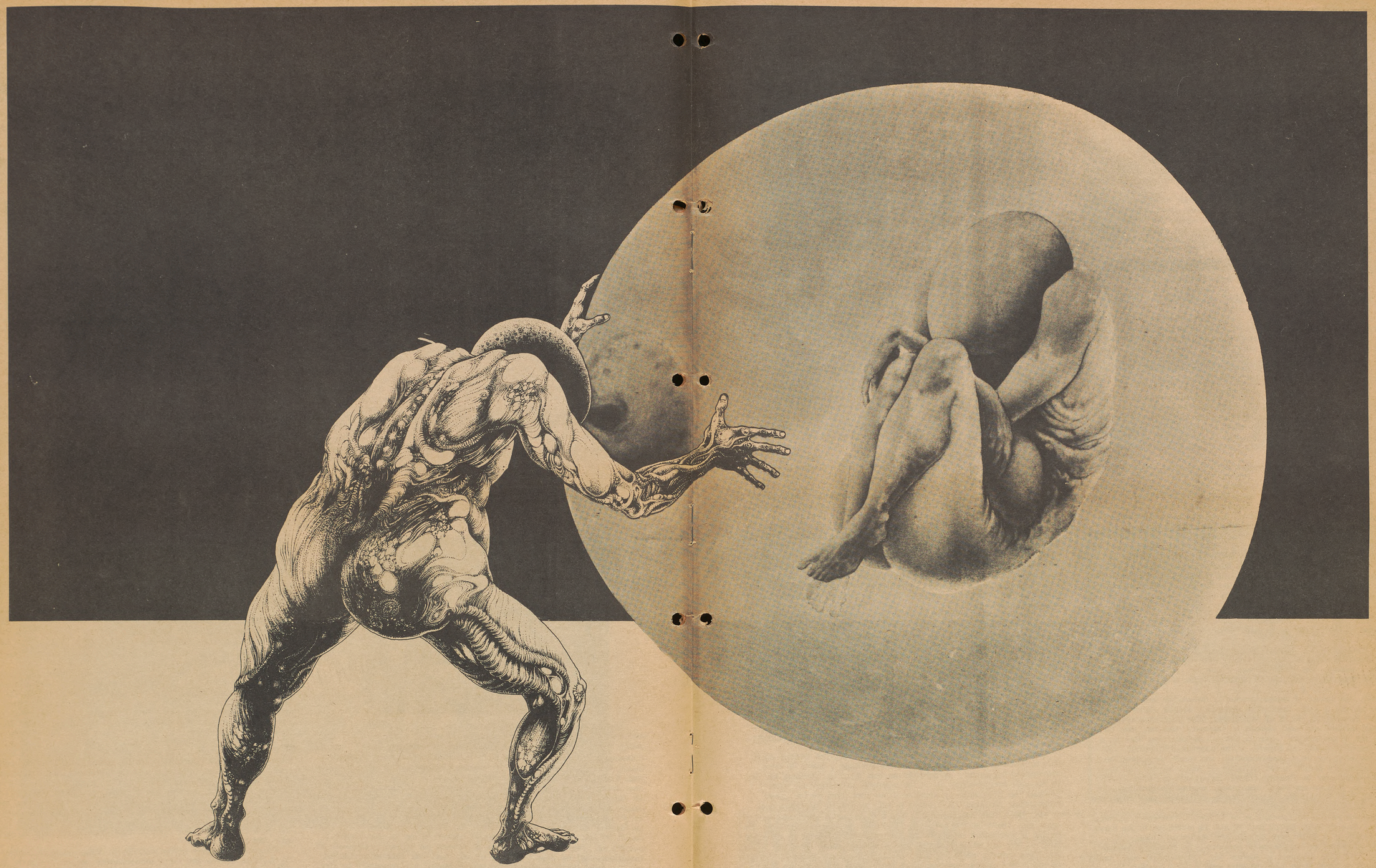
TOM SHALES

drama (part of the review that begins at the top of page 14- sorry...),

"Hair" is a candy mint."Hair" is a breath mint.

"Hair" is a burlesque show."Hair" is a bombastic revue."Hair" is an American institution."Hair" is a high school talent contest."Hair"is a worship service."Hair" is Howdy Doody Time.

A lot of people are being turned off on "Hair" by the media hype and the idea that is all old stuff. The media hype is unfortunate but inevitable. I reject the accompanying notion,though,that "Hair" is only for the middle-aged to cluck and slobber at. It moves,it flashes,it pops,it pulsates. It's got life,life,life,life,life. And here they are,those beautiful, beautiful "Hair" people only a few blocks from the Whatchamacallit House wher What's-His-Name lives,talking about "Tricky Dick's dick"and shoving pills up Spiro's ass. And they'll be doing it for a year.



Everyone is saying : Where can we hide when the War comes?

No one at all is saying : Where can we hide the War?

Kenneth Patchen

THEATRE

TOM SHALES
MERRIL GREENE
PAUL JONES

The first time I saw "Hair"--in New York-- this awe-struck girl a few seats away kept going "O,wow," and saying things like,"O,wow, they're saying all the things you ever wanted to say!"Well,not quite . Maybe all the things we not only wanted to say but did say about three years ago. But so what? In the case of "Hair", not only is the medium the message,so is the place where the medium happens to be--in this case,1321 E Street NW, the proud old, white-Eagle National Theatre, midway between the Capitol and 1600 Pennsylvania.It takes on an additional audaciousness here,maybe it's even better than it was in New York. It's changed in some little ways too-- updated references, a seemingly faster pace(if that's possible) and now the nude scene is proudly lit and plainly visible, not just a dim blue suggestion of flesh at the back of the stage.(So you won't need your binoculars,granny).

Another change: when I saw "Hair", the cast,in unison,yelled,"Fuck you,Margaret Mead!" That has been changed. Now,instead, the Margaret figure herself says,"Fuck you,kids."Hmm.

The Ragni-Rado lyrics and the McDermot music hold up almost entirely. The words may get a bit sticky,or schticky,once or twice (I still find it hard to see "the neon in young lovers' eyes") but mainly there is an exhilerating freedom to all of it, a sensation, again,partly derived from the fact that it seems to be ransacking the same stuffy theatre where middleclass tourist carbage like "1776" has trod.

Remember that to many people,especially the desperately religious, "Hair" is still shocking and seditious. A middle-aged couple stopped me after the show to ask if I really liked this outrageous display. I said "I loved it" and the husband blistered. Of course it is a little sickening the way Washington's well-partied liberal cliques will eat this show up, but they are a little sickening all the time.

This "Hair" tribe is consistently good,and,as mentioned but hardly over-emphasized, inordinately gorgeous.Oatis Stephens' Berger is a little too campy, but Shelley Plimpton's Crissy is easily appreciated, while Michael Meadows' Woof is easily loved. Whoever plays the ample Meatloaf,and his name is unfairly omitted from the program, gives magnificent feeling to that by now tired anthem "Aquarius",which.at this point,has been recorded by everybody in the world-including Mantovani.

The slick calculation of "Hair" is sometimes annoying,as is the shallowness of the synthetic rabble-rousing,like dropping balloons and leaflets (on the high-priced seats) and virtually forcing people in the first first few rows to come up on stage after the finale. You walk up there and find that you have been abandoned.As a spontaneous gesture,audience participation is fine, but as showbiz fakery, it's demeaning and repulsive.

Also,"Hair" suffers slightly from a streak of male chauvinism and a castration complex.

In spite of everything against it, though,"Hair" remains somehow stupidly sincere and now that the dawning of the Age of Aquarius has turned to a sinister twilight, now it seems almost profoundly melancholy under all the exuberance. "Hair" is your sixteenth birthday party.Go to the National Theatre and take your shoes off.

Press relations for "Hair" are being handled by a local man named Sy Freedman, the original Mr.Tight-wad of all those Shady Grove rock shows.He only recognizes the straight-media--doled out tickets for press night at "Hair" to insipid disc jockeys who stood around at intermission going cluck-cluck over words like "fellatio". Woodwind was admitted to "Hair" only through the goodwill of the National Theatre management after being turned away by Mr.Freedman. TS

Macgowran in the Works of Beckett -Kreeger Theatre,Arena Stage

Jack Macgowran and Samuel Beckett worked for six years culling out the essential ideas in Beckett's work and fitting the pieces together like a puzzle. The result is one character , a cumulative figure that appears in material or spectral form in all of the author's work.

Of late, the nature of Samuel Beckett's drama has been disputed. Many categorize it with "theatre of negation"- calling Beckett a nihilist. Jack Macgowran clears up any doubts. The difference between performed Beckett and read Beckett is chasmic. This can only be the "theatre of acceptance" .Plainly,Samuel Beckett sees Man as a clown, unable to grasp the infinity of the cosmos at first but eventually acknowledging its unconquerability and finally accepting Fate. Beckett constantly points to the triviality of Man's actions and their ultimate uselessness in Totality: "Never in my life am I on my way to anywhere. Just on my way." Macgowran begins his monologue by announcing that "I shall die tepid." That is neither hot nor cold, simply open ans suseptible to everything.

Jack Macgowran's interpretations of Beckett's archtype is nothing short of a masterpiece. Every part of him is mobilized in the agony of Man caught in a static trap between the Motion of Change and Eternity. Unwilling to strip himself completely of society's dogmas, Beckett's Everyman attempts to sustain his "individuality" and "sanity" by retaining a dingy black coat,galoshes and a filthy handkerchief-- the vestiges of an aimless society. Macgowran has felt the Inner Being fighting to escape from the anethema of the flesh. He hobbles around the Life-play laughing sardonically and waiting at the absurdity of his position.

Beckett has used the device of mixing language of literal meaning with that of figurative sensibility.Macgowran delivers his lines with both intonations and manages to relay the core of the idea to the audience. Much of Macgowran's communication is done with gestures: wagging of his head,scratching his behind as if all the dust of the world's battles had settled into the seat of his coat.

The staging is brilliant. Ming Cho Lee has draped the stage in printed canvas.Richard Coe of the Post compares it to a desert.Only I see it more as the cosmos,a swirling galaxy:Man is atomized in its infinity. The lighting follows lyrically. The program is a selection from Samuel Beckett's Embers, Molloy,Echo's Bones-from Poems in English,Waiting for Godot, From an Abandoned Work, Watt, Words and Music, Krapp's Last Tape, Endgame, The Unnamable and Malone Dies .

Macgowran sounds a note of hope for Life at the end: "Come on, we'll soon be dead; let's make the most of it."

M G

The Open Stage, an experimental venture of the American University Theatre and Dumbarton Methodist Church, will present Christopher Fry's roller coaster comedy, THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING, March 26-27 and April 1-3 at 8PM in the Dumbarton United Methodist Church in Georgetown.
The production deals with the philosophical questions confronting contemporary men. Fry illustrates the timelessness of these age old problems by putting them in a 15th century setting.
Tickets for LADY are $2 for non-students and $1 for students. Reservations and group rates are available upon request. For information and reservations, call the American University Theatre. 244-6333

PUEBLO at Arena Theatre

Nurtured by an agonizing heartbeat lub-dubbing ceaselessly into the galleries; or maybe the turning of the screws of a ship,or the turning of the screws of an organization out to preserve its own integrity at all costs by any means...who knows. At seventy-two a minute, the rate of rapes per week, the rate of men lost to an uncertain cause per week, the human heartbeat churns on and on. Oh so sympathetically I feel all of these things in my head before the curtain rises, the true headiness of it.

Set: the high desks of the judges and questioners,certainly objective all of them, with set lists of questions which answer to their own purposes, but above them all, the actual occuring event,the walkways and ladders, gun-metal gray to many levels of the discipline, the rigor of the near-arctic on board,frozen everything,pitiful defences,hung over with ice, the obviousness of incapacity,rigid lines of responsibility,responsibility undertaken by mere men whose real task was to get through, to an end,get off,achieve normality.

> James Reston says: "It is the old Billy Budd dilemna of duty and conviction all over again.The individual has been punished and the institution has been spared. Secretary Chafee tried to soften the tragedy by saying:'They have suffered enough and further punishement would not be justified,' so the novelists and dramatists will have to take it from there.

So the novelists and dramatists, the articians of our specialized society have taken it from there. But Stanley Greenberg,the writer, has not really done that. The re-telling of the incident is good,the facts are true, the allusions are magnificently apt,the dilemnas are unshakeable in their direction which everyone is so familiar with now. The incident itself, its oh my god what a word,ramifications,the trial, the man's face in its turning into haggardness and resignation are too well known now for merely re-telling.Perhaps some poet will really make the final break with simple facts, those things which are as haggard and hackneyed as the people involved.Some poet will make a necessary deed, the turning into archtype,the saying in some way for the last.

It seems that I already know the basic arguments; practically,in the perverted Darwinian manner, the institution must survive its individual components so that more components may be sacrificed and again and again; on the other hand, our patronizing sense of other honor demands restitution to the individual,the supreme defense, the civil verdict. But really, now. This thing about judgement.What is the requirement for it. It seems so obvious.

In terms of use, human beings in the course of history have been surprisingly acquiescent to the idea.Somebody is always being used, they say.Somebody is always being hurt.They say. But they never get hurt.There is a built-in defense to pain. It's called delegation of responsibility, or more awkwardly, buck-passing down to the smallest denomination which gets passed out, like the silver dollar, a sensitive bit of metal.

Well, we are all little bits of sensitive metal.The Bucher story is a nice reminiscence; but if it means anything , there is some abstracting necessary, as horrible as that word is. Perhaps My Lai is the next step,perhaps all of the unspoken atrocities are after; perhaps the little seen perversion of our own lives by the gross judgemental faculties which seem to rule by vote is the final step.

Oh. Don't take me seriously. You are the same now as before you read this. Don't let me sway you. Don't let me tell you anything new. Pueblo is perhaps a lesson in my ability to blind myself to the blind facts of how my world is acting: but somehow, these facts are important.They force a reconsideration of the front page, of the lead story; as much as I want to believe that I really know how to think,how I want myself to think, there are some really deeply felt things happenning.I don't think that poetry can say all of them. I guess that some of them speak for themselves.The story of Bucher and his crew, the judges, the civilians, all of these people is an episode.

As grossly done as the play is, as overdone as the whole problem is,Billy Budd and the academicians be damned, there is a basic question to be asked: what is the place of any ethic in our society or in society at all,especially when the final product is a seduction of that so-revered so onviously public morality everyone purports to hold?

In sequence, in body movement, the play itself holds together in the momentous transitions from action to the judgement of that action. Greenberg has done a splendid job of putting the situation together onto the stage; yet there are deeper questions to be asked.Perhaps I am lucky,to be able to ask those questions as a result of seeing the production; it seems that these questions are important enough, however, to require a play which makes the questions clear.

Can we really judge? What does a man who has killed and been in the theatre of death have to say. What conclusion is really reachable? God. Sympathy is sometimes,rather, most of the time, not enough.

P J

When you feel as but a hollow shell
Filled with ever changing vibes
And objects blur into a wave
That rushes then subsides
When senses become your only craft
With confusion at the wheel
And words no longer hold the key
To expressing all you feel
When gut tighten with the longing to reach out
But the need holds no certain form
And you fall into doubt
When impulse says yes, and experience says no
And your burned either way
When you see all the games
And dont want to play
When you fear the things you see
And see the things you hear
Then you live with the wisphering
Of madness in your ear.

We swim naked in the sea of society
As wave after wave crash down upon us
Forcing us towards the depths of submission
Again and again we fight towards the surface
To renew our strength with the fresh air of freedom
But our bodies grow weak from the never ending
abating upon them
We who choose to remain on the surface supported only
by the weakening tread of individuality.
So we cling to eachother lest one go down alone.
For we know that some may be drawn out a drowned
By the undertove of hopelessness,
While others would be dashed upon the jagged rocks of despair
All to fall victum to the mind eating sharks
Who hunt your thoughts, devour your dreams, and vomit
them to the cleansing sea.
Off in the distance a tidal wave of malice and misconceptinn
gathers strength in misjudgement as it prepares to decend
upon us.
We look at eachother and our hands tighten
Our last thoughts, a fervent wish for our bodies to be washed
upon the shores of life,
And to walk unhibited on the island of love and understanding.

So often I come to you when my mind becomes a cluster
Of malignant thoughts
And you wait, pure and white beneath my poised pen
You absorb my deepest emotions, and lay them bare without
veils of emotional artifacts, and I am exposed
But they are still masked, my readers

Words seem crude and harsh no matter how softly spoken, so I try to convey all that I can through expression. It seems like eons past since I last held your gaze and whether I saw a glint of recognition there or but my own reflection, I do not know, nor do I wish to know. To know of your feelings to slueth your mind would seem as rash to me as tearing the petals from a flower to see how it was made. Rather would I gaze upon it in its completion, for without mystery and wonder where is beauty? I am unable to prove love as others who use the means of their bodies and trite speach saying and doing in endless repitition that which is common. But an action, a glance are private and unique in as much as none ever have been or will be duplicated. Dreams have no bounds, unlike reality that cuts and binds ones emotions into an allotted time and space. I would rather you remained a mist of longing than to hold you in the light of the formalities of love that people beleive to be its essence.

Writing is closest to thought and so I have written, perhaps in times of loneliness or despair you will re-read this silent ode and use your senses to receive my form of giving, knowing that you are loved, simply and wholly, for expliting love as others is to me but loving halfway.

gypsy

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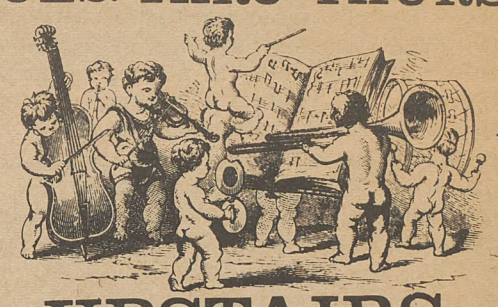
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MUSICA NOVA OF RUMANIA

by stephen allen whealton

A small group of performing musicians from Rumania have been touring the United States this Spring. On Friday night, March 12, they performed here in Washington, D. C. at the Library of Congress. For this concert in their host nation's capitol city, the musicians selected the music of o ne American composer, one Mexican composer, and one Austrian - as well as two native Rumanians.

The program began with the Trio for piano, violin, and cello, by the American composer, Charles Ives. This piece is one of Ives' mature works, a gem. The first and last movements are relatively restrained, while the middle movement is a scherzo entitled - in Ives' typical manner - " TSIAJ " This cryptic message translates as: "This Scherzo Is A Joke"

Playing Ives was perhaps an an astute political move - polite to play American music in America. As it turned out, however, the musicians' Central European approach to Ives' music did not jell too well. They handled the difficult technical problems of the score well enough, but seemed to miss the idiomatic approach to the quoted melodies and sarcasm which Ives performances need.

Next, there was the string trio of Anton Webern. This piece is short and concentrated. I found the performance to be again unidiomatic. Sarcasm and quoted melodies are not Webern's idiom, but distilled, frenetic expressionism is. The Rumanians seemed to me to have missed the boat with Webern as well as with Ives.

After intermission, there was a very brief piece for piano and violin by the Mexican composer, Carlos Chavez entitled Espira. Written in 1934, when Chavez' music was still close to its folkloric roots, this little trifle is harmless at worst.

Once their obligations to the Western Hemisphere and to the main stream of avant-garde music were dispensed with however, the Musica Nova group blossomed. The final two pieces on their program benefited from two distinct improvements; they switched to native Rumanian music, and they added to their performing ranks their star - the clarinetist Aurelian-Octav Popa.

The first Rumanian piece was rather old-fashioned in its idiom, but nonetheless possessed of several virtues. It was written by Doru Popovici, and is entitled Homage a Tzukulescu. Beginning right off the bat with an expressive solo for clarinetist Popa, the piece proceeds for all of its modest duration with distinction and fine composer's craft.

Last of all, there was Crible, by Anatol Vieru. Not only is this composer the best-known modernistic Rumanian composer, but he is also the only one who has had any previous success or acclaim in Washington, D. C. Several years ago, one of Vieru's pieces was premiered in the Library of Congress and caused a mild ripple among the listeners for its strange sounds.

Crible is a French word which translates roughly as 'sieve.' It is in French also a mathematical term, and it is in this sense that Vieru has used the word as title.

The piece may be structurally a sieve all right, but to listen to it is a scream. Vieru has instructed each player to perform "POP" music associated with his instrument! For example, the violinist lapses frequently into so-called "gypsy" music familiar to all. The clarinetist intersperses broad and humorous squonks with perfectly proper performance of exerpts from Mozart's pieces for clarinet.

After Crible has been going on for a while, Vieru instructs his musicians to make gestures, comments, and other 'extra-musical' efforts. The attempt which Vieru is making is apparently to poke some fun at classical music, the concert situation, pretentiousness, etc. and to shake up his listeners. He succeeds where many of his predecessors have failed, because he remembers his audience's need to be entertained at all times. While Morton Subotnick's "Misfortunes of the Immortals, (a similar piece played here in January, 1970) drags on and on, Vieru's is more modest and therefore more succesful.

MERCE CUNNINGHAM

by stephen allen whealton

On Wednesday night, March 17th, Merce Cunn ingham performed with his troup at Lisner Auditorium. Since Cunningham's approach to dance is not only notable and singular but also very influential, then it is helpful to describe his philosophy.

Influenced by his friend John Cage, who is now his musical director, Cunningham has worked for several decades to free his own dance from some of the presumptions which have governed dance in the past. Thus freed, Cunningham's dance is still able to use any of the old traditions, but it also uses new ones.

On its Wednesday performance, Cunningham began with a dance' which makes use of electronic music by Toshi Ichiyanagi. The musical piece is called Activities for Orchestra, but the sounds are' electronic. This seeming anomaly comes from the fact that the sounds are made by musical instruments, but are then manipulated electronically before they are heard. David Tudor, John Cage, and Gordon Mumma, Cunningham's musicians, each performed various more or less conventional instruments as well as electronic instruments which they built to composer Ichiyanagi's specifications. This process may seem complicated, but the result is very beautiful.

Cunningham"s dancers work together in ways which would remind a jazz musician of controlled improvisation. They each have their own gestures, rhythms, expressions, and moves; yet often they work together in a direct way. Cunningham stresses in his speeches and writings that each dancer determines a great deal of what he or she does. Yet also, he says that both he as leader and choreographer and to some extent the group as a whole have their says too.

Most of the dancers seem to have relatively similar ideas of movement and dance. I saw similar gestural ideas batting back and forth among the dancers frequently during the evening. Common to all of their approaches seems to be a basic concept of what dance itself is.

This concept presupposes concentration, grace, smoothness, and several of the familiar virtues and characteristic normally associated with ballet, movement, or dance. Facial expressions of the dancers rarely vary from the calm, concentrated, and basically blank stare.

Cunningham's dances, whether solos, ensembles, or combinations of various unrelated activities, are purposefully independent of the music at all times.

After the first piece, called "Objects" ended, there was an intermission. After this intermission, the house lights went out, the curtain opened, and the dance (apparently) began. The program announced music by La Monte Young, but no sounds were heard. The stage lights were limited to an occasional flashlight-like beam.

Bodies could often be seen crawling and slithering across the floor. After some time, a horrifying and terribly ugly sound began. It sounded like nuggets of metal scraping together - loud. Many people I spoke to later about the La Monte Young piece found the sounds to be far less objectionable as time wore on, but I did not. It was the one "down" in Cunningham's entire two-day show for me.

The final event of the evening was musically very auspicious, though the public was not told why. Scheduled as the music for the third dance was For One, Two, or Three People, by Christian Wolff. This piece is something of a milestone in recent musical structure and it is much admired by performing musicians. The basis of its appeal is the manner in which it was made, as well as how it sounds. Christian Wolff himself performed at the electric guitar for this performance, along with Gordon Mumma and David Tudor "live," and a tape of Tudor on the organ.

The music is beautiful, intricate, exciting. It was by far the best and most interesting performance of any of Wolff's music that I have heard.

Dancers performed much as they had during the first piece of the evening; using different gestures and movements, but similar patterns and basic philosophies of movement. The decor consisted of a series of old-fashioned electric fans on five or six-foot stands, facing the audience in front of the dancers.

Cunningham's entire program and show is well-integrated by being totally unintegrated at some points, and totally integrated at others. It is a stimulus, a lift, and a joy.

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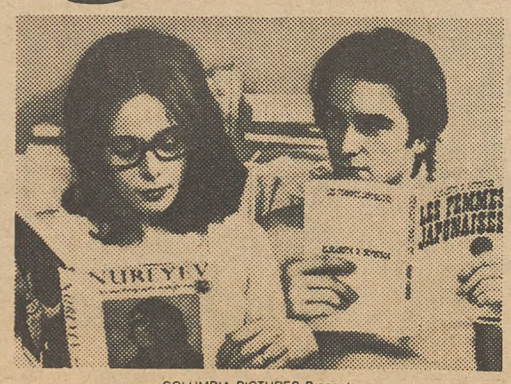

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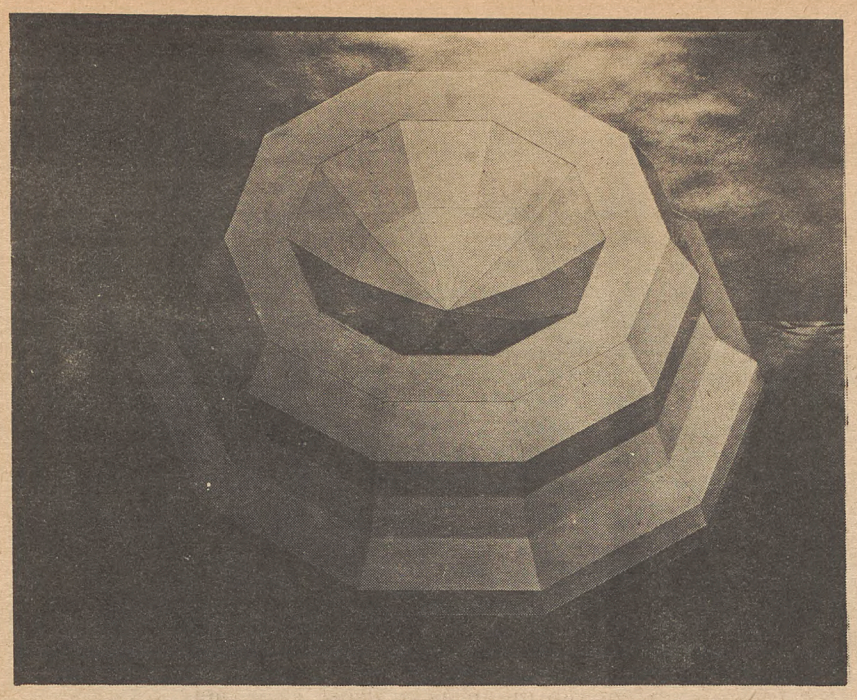


STUDIO stark sanford bridge clark

Four Washington artists, Bob Stark, Enid Sanford, Allan Bridge and Lucy Clark, will exhibit a collection of new paintings beginning Saturday, March 20, at Stark's studio, 1636 Conn. Ave. NW, Wash. The show will continue through April 3, every day from 9a.m. to 3p.m.

Stark's work, which he calls speculative landscape, is executed in watercolor and pastel of paper or canvas. He is represented in the permanent collections of the Smithsonian Institution; the Museum of Modern Art, in New York; and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris

Enid Sanford's sketches are part of her continuing exploration in the medium of acrylic paints on translucent Rolux plastic. She studied with abstract expressionist Hans Hoffman in New York, and has exhibited at Washington's Henri Gallery in 1968 and 1970.

Allan Bridge describes his new paintings as "conceptual lighting systems operating on faceted forms," done in the polymerbased paints he mixes himself. He holds a B.F.A. degree from the University of Chicago, where he had a one-man show of his paintings in 1966. He also studied painting for three years at American U.

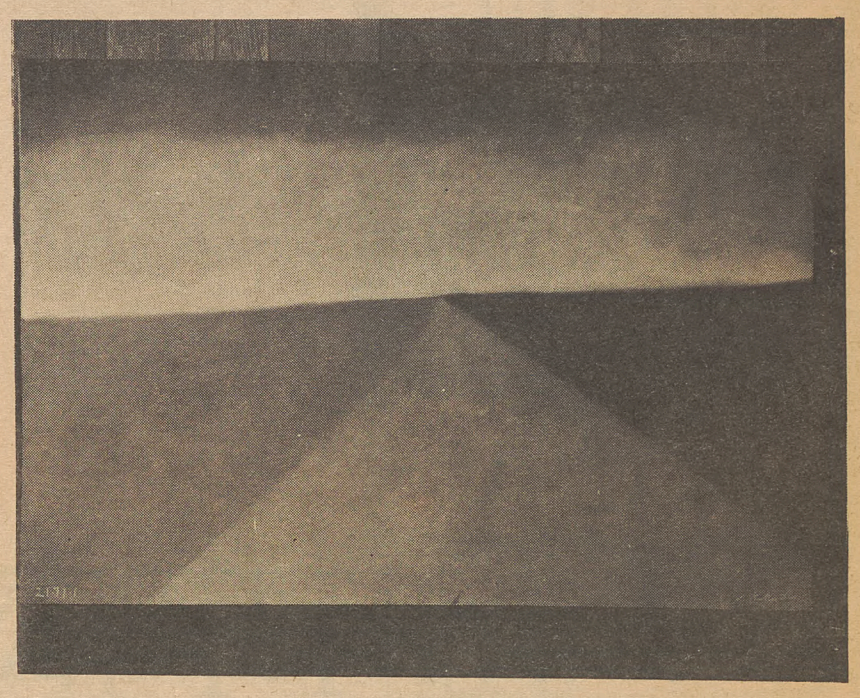
Lucy Clark's pastel landscapes are the final executions of studies she exhibited recently in Columbia, Md. She was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and in Switzerland

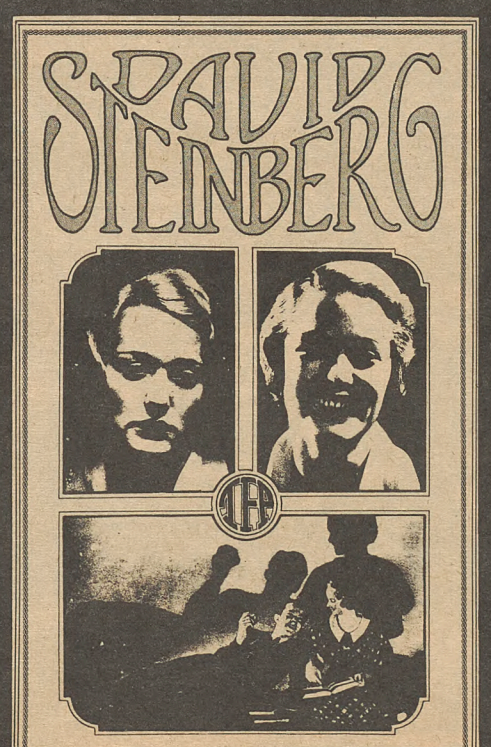
For further information call: Bob Stark (202) 462-2478

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED MacDOWELL

Bob Stark's pastel landscape, "Road"

Washington painters (l. to r.) Allan Bridge, Lucy Clark, Enid Sanford, Bob Stark





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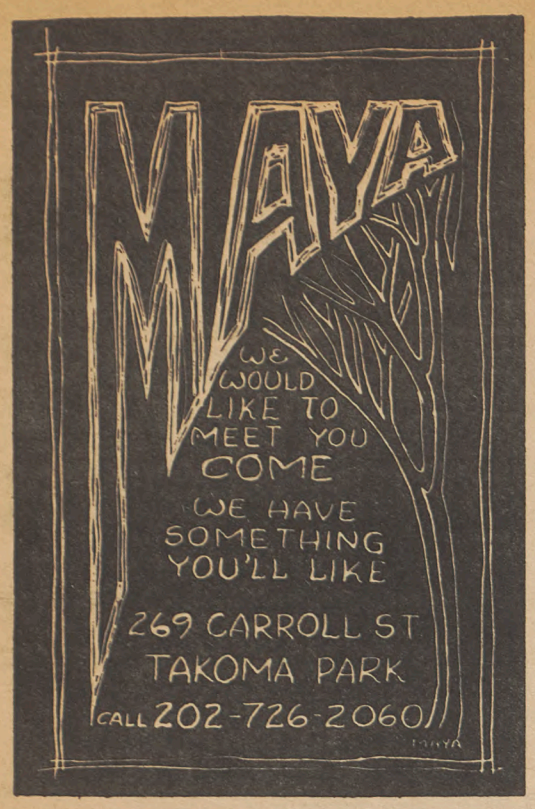

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JOSEPH LEWIS

Forty Poems Touching on Recent American History, ed. by Robert Bly. Beacon Press, 2.45.

Quickly Aging Here: Some Poets of the Seventies, ed. by Geof Hewitt. Anchor, 2.50.

In his introduction to this fine anthology of political poems Robert Bly writes that there has been a schism in American poets between writting about "inward concerns" and about social issues, which is to say that American poets put a premium on personal expression. He notes further that most have exercised too much self-restraint in writing about their society. The ideal aspiration in the fifties was for poetry to remain silent on social problems, wishing to remain somewhere above it all. This can be no longer. We are in a political era; for better or worse the sides have been drawn, and the writer should be the first to respond. Indeed, there are many good rock lyricists who are sinsitive to the issues at hand: songs like Neil Young's "Ohio" and Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi" have as much effect as the mont intense political poems.

But as to the result of political poetry (contrary to rock in some respect) Bly makes a further well-founded remark: "The true political poem does not order us either to take any specific acts: like the personal poem, it moves to deepen awareness." The depiction of the actions of goverments in poetry can effect one like a personal poem, though it seems there is usually only one emotion or undercurrent in the most significant political poems: anger. One would be hard-pressed to find poems extrolling the virtues of recent American History

The poems and poets in Recent American History are by and large all well-known--both old and new. Witman inevitably, Ginsberg Hart Crane, Louis Simpson, David Ignatow, Neruda, Lorca, and even Goethe makes a bid with a charming little poem,...one of the few lighter entries in the anthology. For me the most moving poems, the ones that come closest to what Bly means about political poems as personal expression, are the selections by the Spanish poets. The Americans to the south of us see the actions of our government in a much clearer perspective than we do: in Latin America U.S. exploitation is open and cruelly obvious. Ruben Dario in his poem "To Theodore Roosevelt" (written in 1904) : "Hunter, the only way to approach you/is with a voice like that of the Bible, or poems like those of Walt Whitman,/archaic and modern, simple and involved,/with something of Washington, and more of Nimrod." Neruda has two poems, "The United Fruit Company" and "The Dictators," both written over twenty years ago, yet their passionate and ironic power is timeless, not just because this is a great poet writing about the cruelty and oppression in man: "When the trumpet sounded, it was all prepared on the earth,/ and Jehovah parcelled out the earth/to Coca Cola, Inc./ Anaconda,/Ford Motors, and other entities:/ The Fruit Company, Inc./ reserved for itself the most succulent,/the central coast of my own nation,/the delicate waist of America." Bly has translated throughout admirably.

There are many poets and poems in Quickly Aging Here, an anthology of "poets of the seventies." Editor Geof Hewitt writes that there is poetry of merit being written faster than we can read it today I would have to qualify that remark--there is a lot of poetry being written today, but as to whether it is meritorious, I don't know. This may depend on what one means by poetry of merit. If one means,' simply, poetry that is readable, than fine enough; but not if one means poetry of lasting quality. There is just not that much good poetry being written today, it seems to me.

Many of the poets in the anthology demonstrate some of the virtues and faults of contemporary verse: everyone from Robert Lowell to the run-of-the-mill Iowa U. graduate is concerned with the self, how the ego reacts to the surroundings, The turn to the self is necessary in this impersonal age, and is often moving when the expression of one man can be elevated to include all men; but taken to excess, as it is with many of the poets in Quickly Aging Here, leads to self-indulgence and even pettiness. Too many times the poetry seemed to be domesticated--who really wants to hear what the poet's wife thought about him opening the refrigerator to get out some sour yogart, who is interested in the minutiae of his life? This might be harsh, but it seems to me that poetry has its effect when it is less concerned with the self, or at least the self in the everyday routine, because the more personal the emphasis the less one can resond to it. I do not mean the personal view that you find in, say, Rimbaud or even Whitman; they were intensely concerned with themselves in their poetry, but by a miraculous transformation--by their use of language, by mythologizing their personal experiences and perceptions--the poetry becomes universal. In a word, they were not mundane, which many of the poets in this anthology are guilty of.

There are some good poems in this book of mostly second generation American poets. (For my money Donald Hall's Contemporary American Poetry, published by Penquin, gives a wide spectrum of the post-W.W. II poets, and the Grove Press New American Poetry gives an often more experimantal selection.) Some of the better poets: Floyce Alexander, William Witherup, Stanford Lyne, and Philip Dow but I choose them because of my prejudices: I want to read poetry that can stand up as separate entities above the poet's ego and everyday experience.

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DANCE marianne ross

Watching Merce Cunningham's dances is for me a cool aesthetic experience. His super company stays true to his intentions with a lot of physicality, bravado and class. He would disapprove of emotionality or acting because for him the provence of dance is motion in space, period. He is a purist in the execution of the medium.

Although he professes a belief that all motion is material for dance, his vocabulary is quickly learned and easily recognizable- large fully extended gestures with arms and legs, fragmentive and isolation of body parts in movement, much athletic running, sone balletic mannerisms. The interest lies in how he assembles these "words" into "sentences and "paragraphs."

In order to convey his nonlinear, global feeling for this time in history, Merce uses multiple exposure, chance, distortion and diversity of time, and sculptural concepts in his dances. Only occasionally do we see unison or movement related closely in time. Many things are happening on stage at once. Movements are seen from all angles at different times giving the audience a sense of moving around in the space also. Often the dancers are each on their own trips, which as in life, coincide with others in unpredictable, breathtaking magic instants. They are affected by th disloca tion of space created by each other. They react in infinite modes. A raunchy, pedestrian everyday movement is juxtaposed with a balletic, elongated lift. The dancers move through these changes without turning a hair and the multple effect is a kinesthetic delight

Merce showed much of his recent work at Lisner March 16 & 17. With evocative (but cool) titles-Scramble, Signals, and Tread -- They fit into the schema I've described. But my favorite was Winterbranch (1964) dont to a deafening score be Le Monte Young in almost total darkness. The LIGHT, put through myriad paces including moving searchlights, patterned grids, house lights, stage-workights etc. (from a design by Robert Ranschenberg) became a vital member of the company. As a matter of fact only when the dancers reacted with it in all it's manifestations were they even visible. The collaboration created a mood of mystery and concealed violence - a magic effect in the audience without histrionics on stage.

Collaboration- another hallmark of Cunningham's genius. He has managed to bring together the creative talent of many fields in his works. Composers such as John Cage, David tudor, Pauline Oliveros, Christian Wolff, and artists such as Andy Warhol, Robert Morris, Frank Stella, Jasper Johns have contributed to his dances. His scores and sets have expanded the audiences' minds and acceptance as much as his movement.

For me that is his greatest genius--the integration of a whole period in American artistic history. His concepts have overflowed from dance into the visual arts, into theatre and happenings, into film sculpture, and architecture. He has erased the artificial dividing lines between the arts and shown an intergrated whole which expands with each new attempt in each new medium by each new maker.

This fluid, organic state of art is both profoundly liberating and a stringent discipline. No longer can we depend on "the critics" to form our taste and tell us what we should like.

We must think and feel and integrate for ourselves on a deeper level. Let this be a joyous activity!

rockrapup

Some pretty good shows, and a couple of rotten ones have occured in the last two weeks. Among the rotten ones- BADFINGER at the Virginia...merely bad; BREWER AND SHIPLEY plus QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE at the beautiful Loew's in downtown D.C. proved that you can make it big if only you play insipid music; less bad, but dissapointing was JOHNNY WINTER in Baltimore, where the focus unfortunately shifted to some idiots outside. No matter. because there was plenty of good music to make up for it.

THE DILLARDS at the Cellar Door provided one of the most entertaining evenings I have ever had...maybe, the most ever. They are a quartet of buffons who also happen to play some of the best modern country music(bluegrass style) around. I have never heard a group at the Door recieve such a reaction...three encores the night I was there, and the most howling and laughter and general good vibes I've ever seen there. Ringleader is Rodney Dillard, who does, among other incredible things, a msterful job of playing the mouth harp without any hands, a perfect physical resemblence to an Edsel, and who plays some fine guitar. His face ranks as one of the classics in medical history. The turnout during the week was not as good as it should have been, but if they ever come back, you would do yourself a great disservice if you missed them. Maybe some enterprising concert promoter will grab them and put them on a bill sometime.

SHA NA NA did for vintage rock and roll was Alice Cooper has done for acid rock...they brought theatre into their music. I know Sha Na Na is supposed to be a spoof, but it seemed very real to me...sort of an inten sified memory. They did all the songs I grew up with...and more. And the crowd loved it, they were on their feet right from the start..the only thing that would have made it better would have been to have Murray the K as the M.C. and to have done up the gymnasium in the style of a 1958 high school gym. Still, the show at C.U. was a success.

At Emergency, two good weekends in a row, first with a fine country band called ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, and then with the hard sounds of CRANK. Asleep At the Wheel look like freaks, but the music they play is country at it best...Hank Williams and Jimmie Rodgers and so on. Ray Benson, a fabulous redhaired cat who also plays lead guitar, has exactly the right deep bass voice for singing leads. Good time sounds come from this group.

CRANK, I think, has never sounded better. Whether they do any of their own material or some redone classic, they've been getting it on in grand fashion. Geoff Richardson still makes his case as being the best lead guitar in town, and over the weekend, even his voice (which sometimes comes undone) was holding up well, giving the audience that much more entertainement. As always, Johnny Castle and Guy Gengrass fill out the sound, on bass and drum, respectively. Guy has been given some time to solo now, and he has been handling it astutely. I think that he is one of the best drummers working right now (better than most of the big name bands I've been seeing recently), and while I'm at it, Johnny has long been one of the more promising bassists' and , amazingly, he keeps getting better. The band jammed both nights with Bill Blessington , who once was a cornerstone of the group when it first started. Bless is now into a jelling group, but it was nice to hear him playing again for the people. His flute was ethereal at times, driving at others, and there were several points where he was scatting some good scat. A right on gig for the group.

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"Aint That Peculiar". Funky album.

COUNTERNOTES

David Crosby's all star group includes most of the people from his own group (C,S,N,&Y), The Dead, the Airplane, plus old friends like Joni Mitchell. The album is titled IF I COULD REMEMBER MY NAME (Atlantic SD 7203). It;s a beautiful album, light and breezy, but substantial. With such superb fellow musicians, it's only natural that the music flow, and one feels growth, as in "What Are Their Names", which opens the second side and ends too abruptly after having so definitely involved us. Crosby's voice is only a little bit more than a breeze, articulate and clear and the compounded harmonies (particularly of the two non-verbal passages) are lovely. I feel this is the best single album put out by the individuals of C,S,N &Y (with Graham Nash hopefully still to be heard from).

Larry Murray's SWEET COUNTRY SUITE (Verve Forecast FST-3090) is one of those unheralded albums that puts the whole idea of hype to shame. Murray is responsible for writing most of the songs on this fine album, plays guitar, and as he says, he "had a real good time". The album of itself is a mixed bag--country influences often felt, but never overriding; at times he comes off like a low-key Elton John. His themes are simple- love and friends and the country and God...never touched upon with maudlin sentinmentality. My two favorite cuts are "Bugler" and "When I See Jaynie". The album is further graced by vocal support from the Blackberries and the occasional steel guitar work of Buddy Emmons. Please look for this one, it's just a very nice trip to fall into.

Donavan's HEAR ME NOW (Janus JLS 3025) is old, old Donovan, most of it on later albums (with, I think the exception of the Bert Janch tune "Oh Deed I Do"). There are two better than average versions -- "Ballad of Geraldine" and "Circus of Sour". The rest of the album is made up of old stock, like "Car-Car Song","Donna, Donna" and "Goldwatch Blues". Donovan has moved to new directions but its still interesting to note his roots.

Mary Travers' first solo album MARY (Warner Brothers 1907) was a very pleasant surprise. With the breakup of Peter, Paul & Mary, Mary's is the first solo album to be released. The influence of John Denver is very much felt (three of his songs, four if you count Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert's "I Guess He'd Rather Be In Colorado") Denver also plays guitar on the album. The choice of songs is for the most part pretty good, though I wish she hadn't started with an old group standard,"The Song Is Love". Maybe it symbolizes her final break with the group. For me the album has three peaks, and they are well spaced. I can't stand Rod McKuen, but his "Children One and All", with its obvious Brel-influence, is immaculately performed, with extremely precise phrasing and timing. Denver's own "Rhymes and Reasons", preceeded by Mary's poem for her daughter, is a lovely ballad. And the highlight of the album is what Mary calls her small opera, the Elton John-Bernie Taupin "Indian Sunset". Once again, Mary's immaculate phrasing and sensitive rendering give this powerful song and even stronger value. All in all ,a very nice surprise. If you never got into P,P&M, don't let that keep you from discovering the very fine Mary Travers.

At first, the Strawbs album JUST A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES AND CURIOS (A&M SP 4288) struck me as a cross between the old Fairport Convention sound and Pentangle, but after several listenings, that similarity dissapeared almost completely- and I can't figure out who it is they remind me of now, but I like them anyway. Working with a basic acoustic-classical sound, the Strawbs are currently one of the more popular groups in England, where they have three or four albums out. This is their first release here in America. There is a delicacy to their music, whether it be a paen to Martin Luther King (the first cut) or love ballads (like "Fingertips") The vocals are at times almost whispered, with the instrumenatation almost equally restrained. The highlights of the album are a solo by piano-player Rick Wakeman ("Temperament of Mind") and the long "Antique Suite", one movement of which gives the album its title. I don't know if the catagory of classical folk is valid, but if it is, then it applies to the Strawbs.

Shawn Phillips' SECOND CONTRIBUTION (A&M SP 4282) is, for the second-time, an album of rare grace and beauty; Phillips is blessed with both the Poet's vision and the balladeer's voice, a combination that gives gentle definition to his sensibilities. The voice is somewhat baritone-bass, blesses with accurate diction. My only faulting of the album is the tendency at times to be a little overorchestrated. But still, despite that occasional annoyance, Phillips has set a delicate mood that opens us up to the words of his songs, most indicative of which are some of the lyrics from "She Was Waitin' For Her Mother At the Station in Torina And You Know I Love You Baby But It's Getting Too Heavy To Laugh": "It's hard/to fall out/ of love/completely/It's harder/to find a way/ to come back/ discreetly/ to speak/ of things anew/to wee/ In quiet blue/ brocade/ Upon your bed/ Memories should fade/At least of you/a spectre/of ice and fire/a septre of my desire/a girl-child/of such loveliness/the woman/of my emptiness/a woman/ of famed renown/a woman/who kicks the clown/a woman/of the land/ a woman / for a man/". A fine, gentle album.

There are several sets of super-groups that seem to take turns backing each other up on "solo" albums. Among the names on RITA COOLIDGE (A&M SP 4291) are Leon Russell, Spooner Oldham, Clarence White, Marc Benno, Chris Ethridge, Jim Keltner, Steve Stills, Booker T. Jones, Bobby Womack and Ry Cooder. Plus a chorus featuring the Blackberries (Clydie King, Vanetta Fields and Shirley Matthews) and Graham Nash. And of course up front is Rita Coolidge, formerly of Maddogs and Englishmen and Leon Russell. Despite the presence of all those "other" people. it is very much her album, and that husky voice of hers is perpetually the focus of attention. The songs she does cover a diverse range. Otis Redding's "The HAppy Song" is there, along with Van Morrisson's "Crazy Love", Neil Young's "I Believe in You", several standard r&b cuts, and two ballads by Benno, one of which,"Second Story Window", is one of the highlights on the album. Also well done is the popular "Aint That Peculiar". Funky album.

I didn't think they made albums like TAX FREE (Polydor 24-405) any more. It is a quiet album- and that's an understatement. It features easy action instrumentals and vocals- a whole album made up of slow cuts. Quite a shock. And the music is generally very pretty-(though at times it gets a bit lethargic). I don't know if the names of the musicians are real (Wladimir Tax, D J L Oliphant, J W Purpora and L M H Busch ?) but several things stand out- the vocals and what must be the use of a stand-up bass...how rare to hear that beautiful instrument these days...no matter what anyone says, it is 10 times better than the electric version. If you want a quiet hour, then you might want to spend it with Tax Free.

The CRAZY HORSE album (Reprise RS 6438) is of particular interest because of the presence on it of Nils Lofgren(of the Grin) who is very noticeable on guitar and who contributed two songs. One of those, "Begar's Day" is one of the two outstanding cuts (along with the softer "I Don't Want To Talk About It") . I was a little surprised that some of the songs approached top-fortyishness, without being obnoxious. This was the group that backed up Neil Young so well for so long. Lofgren is really just a guest on the album (along with Ry Cooder on several cuts) but you can pick out that incredibly fluid guitar in several spots. It's obvious that the group has benefited from both the union and now the seperation with Neil Young, because it is a very competent album.

I think WAR without Eric Burdon is a potentially fine jazz-blues band. This all black group features some fine musicians who are still working towards a cohesive unity...in the meantime, they play some funky music. The two best cuts are slow ones,"Back Home" and "Vibeka". "Back Home",it seems, could use a faster pacing, but it is a fine song anyways. The strangest cut is "Fidel's Fantasy", which some people don't like or think is pretentious-- it is quite good, particularly in the development of its lyrics. Outstanding on the majority of cuts are "Papa" Dee Allen (who handles congas, bongos and most of the heavy percussion) and Lee Oskar on harmonica. A good album (United Artists UAS-5509)

David Frye's RADIO FREE NIXON (Elektra EKS-74085) is another hilarious journey into Frye's madcap and incredibly acurate carricatures of oh so many people. The whole thing is held together by the format of a radio show (WNIX), with the funniest farm reports(with LBJ), Face The Country, the weather report, station breaks, and god knows what else. Among Frye's exceptional imitations are Nixon (of course), George C Scott, Billy Graham, Agnew, Truman Capote, Humphrey, and 6 or 7 others. Frye has a little help, but the album is another fine tribute to his own genius. It's a riot.

When I started listening to Ron Nagle's BAD RICE (Warner Brothers 1902) I thought I was going to get another Leon Russell type album. I was half-wrong. When Nagle (who handles vocals and keyboard work) is doing songs in a Russell vein, he is not bad. But some of the other songs are badly overproduced ("Frank's Store" and "Dolores"). Nagle's piano is more than adequate and his voice is generally on top of the material. The prettiest song is "That's What Friends Are For", which he does alone on piano. Funniest song is "Marijuana Hell" which should recieve lots of airplay (for all the wrong reasons). And "61 Clay", the opening cut, almost gets as good as Russell-pounding piano, gutty vocals, driving arangement. It works.

SISTER KATE (Cottillion SD-9045) completes the cycle. Kate of course is the distaff Taylor, and like brother Alex, she is not a writer, but instead concentrates on being a performer. Her material is culled from brothers James and Livingston, Elton John, Carole King, and several others. There is a particular flavor to any material done by any of the Taylors- an inflection, the course of words, the way they flow together, an accent that is less heard than felt. Kate has a fine voice (no, it's not imitation James...) and her choice of material is best reflected in the way she handles the Elton John songs, particularly "Country Comfort"(which has been overdone in recent albums). A good first album.

Coming Performances

MARCH

thru 27 — 1. **Seals & Croft**
2. SAGEWORTH & DRUMS

29 thru April 4 — 1. **Butterfield Blues Band**
2. OHIO KNOX

APRIL

5/10 — 1. **Tom Rush**
2. JUDY SILL

12/17 — 1. **Flying Burrito Brothers**
2. FRAZIER and DEBOLT

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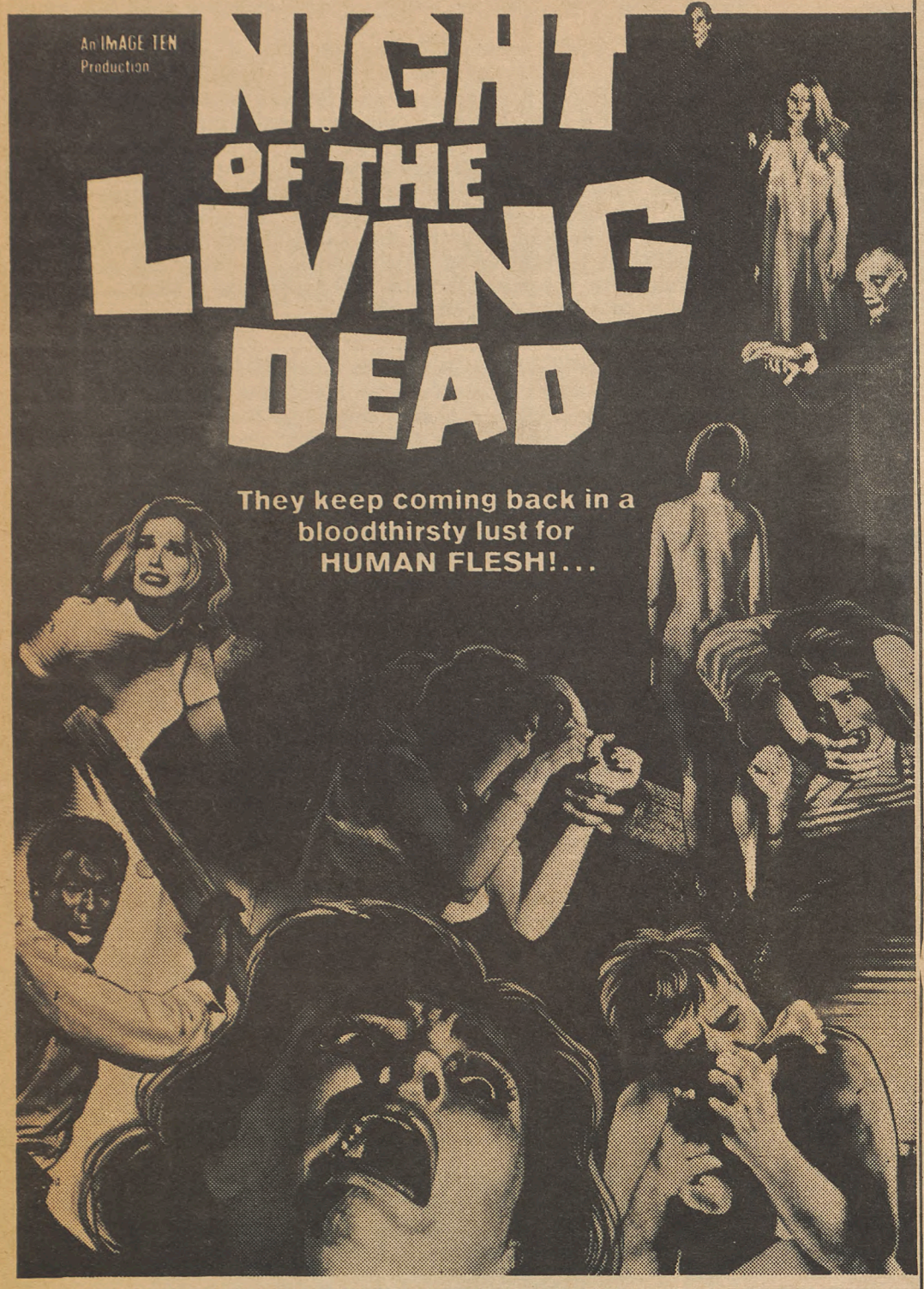

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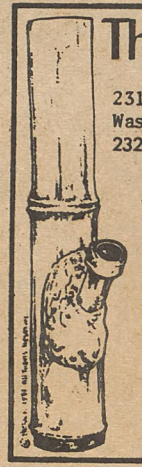

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March 23
- -ARENA STAGE-Pueblo-thru Apr. 4
- -Macgowran Works of Beckett-Mar. 28
- -NATIONAL THEATRE- HAIR
- -THEATRE LOBBY-Waltz of the Toreadors
- -FILM-The Nun's Story-GWU, Bldg. C Rm. 100, Shows 7:00-9:30 -don. $. 50
- -American College THEATRE FESTIVAL East Texas State U. "The Time of Your Life," Fords Theatre 7:30 p.m.
- -Artists FILM Series;"Dorthea Lange "The Closer For Me, 12:30p.m. Corcoran Auditorium
- -CLASSICAL CONCERT;The Iowa String Quartet 8:30 Corcoran aud.
- -BAROQUE FESTIVAL-Guest Conductor Antonio Janigro, The Romeros(guitar) Constitution Hall 8:30p.m. tickets $6.45 $5.45. $4.45, $3.45
- -Jimmy Rushing and Steve Jordan & John Eaton Trio at BLUES ALLEY
- -Seals and Craft & Sageworth and Drum at CELLAR DOOR
- -Kenny Burrell at Mr. Henrys Capitol Hill
- -EMERGENCY-all wk Sky Cobb & Mole Plunkett

March 24
- -Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey CIRCUS Wash. Coliseum, Thru April 18
- - The Time Of Your Life (see Mar. 23) 2;00 and 7:30p.m.
- -State U. of New York, Albany, "Harry Noon and Night" GWU 800 21st st. N.W. 7:30 p.m.
- -"Painting" by Paul Reed 12:30p.m. Corcoran Aud.
- -LECTURE-Survey of African History Prof. O Taylor H.U. at G.U. Hall of Nations 7:00 p.m.
- -The Smithsonian Resident PUPPET THEATRE presents "The Waywoardly Wandering Waganful of Banjo and Jack" thru Mar. 28th 10:30a.m. 12:30 2:30. 14th St and Constitution Ave. n.w. $1.25 adult $1.00 child

March 25
- -Harry Noon and Night " See Mar. 24 2:00 and 7;30p.m.
- -FILM- "Girl with the Golden Eyes 7:00 & 9:00 .pm Corcoran Aud.
- -LECTURE-"Africa in Internat. Affairs" G.U. Hall of Nations 7:30pm
- -The Juilliard String Quartet Collidge Aud. Lib. of Congress 8:30pm

March 26
- -Lisner Aud. GWU NATIONAL BALLET 8:00pm Swan Lake, Witch Boy (new) and Raymonda
- -University of Kansas- Indians Fords Theatre 7:30
- -LECTURE-"African Art and Music" Mr. Kojo Baiden Hall of Nations GW contact Africa 7:30 pm
- -The Open Stage- "The Lady's Not For Burning" 8:00pm $2.00 3133 Dumbarton

March 27
- -FILM-"Me" 7:00 and 9:00pm at Corcoran Aud.
- -Lisner Aud. GWU National BALLET 8:00pm Cinderella
- -Constitution Hall; Branks Krsmanovich Chorus 8:30 pm
- -"Indians" see Mar. 26 2:00 & 7:30
- -Southern Illinois U. "The Caretaker" GWU 800 21st St. NW 7:30pm
- -The Open Stage see Mar. 26
- -Montgomery BALLET Co. in Alice in Wonderland 2:30 pm at Montgomery Blair H.S. $1.25 in advance $1.50 at door info: 949-0371 or 434-7984
- -Smokey Robinson and the Miracles & the Four Tops D.C. Armory 8:00 pm $4, $5.& $6.
- -La Boheme, CU at Newton Theatre, 8:00pm tickets $4.00 & $3.00
- -Steppenwolf at Maryland U.

March 28
- -Lisner Aud. GWU National BALLET 8:00 pm Warm Up, Concerto, Baroces Pas de Quatre, Witch Boy. (new)
- -Constitution Hall Isaac Stern, 3:00pm Miles Davis 8:30pm
- -"The Caretakers" see Mar. 27 2:00 and 7:30 pm
- -Sunday CONCERT- jazz Music by Gene Rush 3:00pm Corcoran Aud.
- -CONCERT at Emergency 3.00-5:30 $1.00 for info call 965-5600
- -Richie Havens-David Steinberg, Painters Mill info. 301-323-0423
- - Alic in Wonderland see Mr. 27
- -"La Boheme" CU see Mar. 27
- -The Kinks George Marshall H.S.

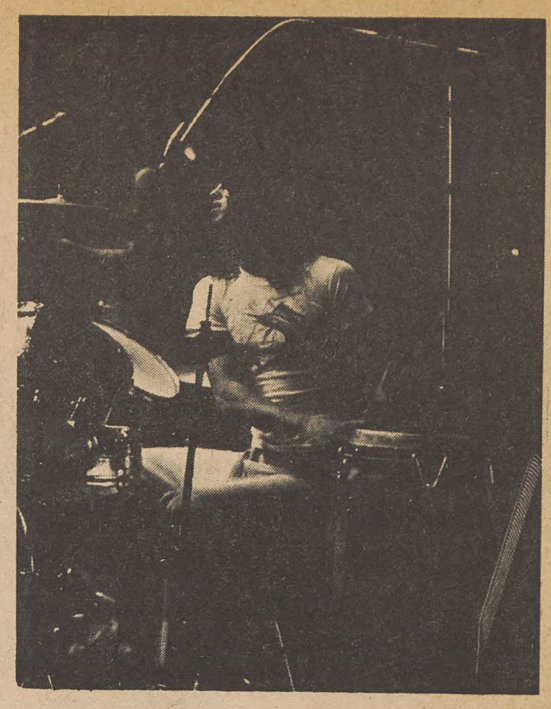
March 29
- -Butterfield Blues Band at Cellar Door
- -Wayzeck-University of North Carolina Fords Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

March 30
- -"Woyzeck see March 29 2:00 & 7:30pm
- -Artists FILM Series: The Daybrooks of Edward Weston- How Young I was 12:30 Corcoran Aud.
- -The Scarecrow Southwest Minnesota State U. Center GWU 7:30

March 31
- -The Scarecrow see Mar. 30 2:00 and 7:30
- "Statement" by Rockne Krebs, 12:30pm Corcoran Aud.

April 1st
- -"The Imaginary Invalid" Indiana's U of Evansville Fords Theatre, 7:30pm
- -The Open Stage-see Mar. 26th

April 2nd
- -Ike and Tina Turner and Fats Domino, Shady Grove Music Fair 7:00 and 10:30pm info call 301 948-3400
- -The Open Stage see Mar. 26
- -"The Imaginary Invalid" see Apr. 1 2:00 & 7:30
- "The Ballad of Sanki Merser "Occidental College L.A. University Center GWU 7:30 pm



American Film Institute Theatre

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Friday, March 26 8:00 PM

Kurosawa: STRAY DOG

Kurosawa says he is fond of the works of Georges Simenon and wanted to do something in his manner. This thriller is the story of a young detective whose pistol is stolen. He eventually tracks down the man who stole it but not before it is used for murder. Kurosawa based the film on his own unpublished novel. (1949. 122 mins. With Toshiro Mifune, Takashi Shimura. Courtesy of Brandon Films and Altura International.)

Saturday, March 27 8:00 PM

Star Performance: A STAR IS BORN

A marvelous movie, with witty and exuberant musical numbers (Born in a Trunk, etc); a brilliant evocation of the Hollywood myth; a last scene that for sheer concentrated emotion makes LOVE STORY seem dry. James Mason is amazing; flashes of brilliance alternating with raw-edged, alcohol-sodden desperation. Of Judy Garland's performance, William Whitebait commented "she is a world in herself. A new world; sometimes she seems almost a humped old-timer, till her eyes light up and the hard voice and mouth melt; then a devil gets into her, she sheds feminine attire, and in black tights and a kind of brief kimono she'll become all eyes, action and appeal." (1954. 150 mins. Directed by George Cukor. CinemaScope. Technicolor. Courtesy of Warner Bros.)

Sunday, March 28 8:00 PM

Kurosawa: RED BEARD

"RED BEARD has been acclaimed as Kurosawa's masterpiece. Only an artist as great as Kurosawa could have conferred true epic quality on a theme that in other hands might have been sentimental or banal. His three-hour film -- a parable of the human condition -- is about the struggle of two doctors (one of them is Toshiro Mifune) against poverty, ignorance and greed. But it is also a film about the different forms of love, ranging from the homicidal passion of a nymphomaniac to the desperate affection of a young girl menaced by a life of prostitution. With perception and compassion, Kurosawa reduces his audience to helpless admiration." -- Richard Roud (1965. Also starring Yuzo Kayama Yoshio Tsuchiya and Reiko Dan. Courtesy of Clem Perry, Altura International.)

Monday, March 29 8:00 PM

Star Performance: THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

"This is one of the most daring, eloquent and personal films ever made in America. Although set in the 1930s, the film also deliberately creates an evocative and timeless world. It presents its initial situations in vivid visual shorthand, but once embarked on its exposition embraces many moods and styles -- nightmarishly impressionistic in the religious revival meeting (Shelley Winter's triumph), hauntingly lyrical in the children's night flight, protective and nursery-enclosed in the last section. The camera work by Stanley Cortez is outstanding." -- Derek Prouse (1955. 91mins. Directed by Charles Laughton. Starring Robert Mitchum and Lillian Gish. Courtesy of United Artists.)

Tuesday, March 30 8:00 PM

Star Performance: THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

A remarkable portrait of the American rat-race by a leading British director; beautifully shot by James Wong Howe; crackling dialog by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman; great jazz by Chico Hamilton and fine acting all round. But what makes the film so good is precisely what crippled it on first release: the performance of Tony Curtis. Throwing away the pretty-boy image (and thus losing his fans) Curtis plays a publicity agent, cringing before Burt Lancaster's vicious columnist, attempting to conceal his insecurity by weak shows of agression and Yiddish bravado. It's frighteningly good. -- MW (1957. 96 mins. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Courtesy of United Artists.)

Wednesday, March 31 8:00 PM

Kurosawa: SANJURO

Kurosawa says he had great fun making this film and his enjoyment is partially because the story is a satire on the standard Japanese sword-slinging picture. Toshiro Mifune portrays much the same character as he does in YOJIMBO but here he is contrasted with a group of naive boy samurai whose illusions fast crumble under the effects of real fighting. (1962. 96 mins. Also starring Tatsuya Nakadai. Courtesy of Toho International, Inc.) Also:

HE WHO STEPS ON THE TIGER'S TAIL

Kurosawa's film version of a medieval Japanese tale which has become both a Noh play and a Kabuki drama. A famous general fleeing his kingdom in disguise is stopped by border guards, perhaps recognized, but eventually allowed to escape because of the remarkable behavior of his servant. (1945. 60 mins. Starring Denjiro Okochi and Susumo Jufita. Courtesy of Brandon Films.)

Thursday, April 1 8:00 PM

Star Performance: WANDA

To win the top prize at the Venice Film Festival with a debut feature that was shot on 16mm for $115,000 is quite an achievement. Barbara Loden went further; not only did she write and direct WANDA, she dominates it by her performance. The role, like the milieu, is drab (a cast-off wife, penniless, drifting, in an industrial wilderness) but she makes it warm, funny and alive. She's a born failure who won't lie down; vulnerable, but never playing for your sympathy. She hooks a man; he runs out on her. She plays Bonnie to a small-time Clyde -- and gets lost driving the getaway car. In acting and direction, a little masterpiece. -- MW (1970. 105 mins. Also starring Michael Higgins. Courtesy of Bardene Films.) BARBARA LODEN (MRS. ELIA KAZAN) WILL PERSONALLY INTRODUCE AND DISCUSS HER FILM.

Friday, April 2 8:00 PM

Kurosawa: SEVEN SAMURAI

The inspiration of THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, SEVEN SAMURAI is magnificent, barbaric, and technically brilliant. It is a legendary tale of brigandage in the Middle Ages, a story of how a village threatened by bandits hire seven samurai to defend it, and how the battle is fought and won. A short tale expanded by a wealth of detail, by careful characterization and by tributary sequences into an epic. (1954. Starring Takashi Shimura, Toshiro Mifune. Note: We should like to express our sincere gratitude to Toho International for making available the original, uncut, 3½ hour version of this classic film.)

How to Become a Member:
The basic annual membership subscription is $10, $5 for students. However, you can play a significant role in fostering the work of the AFI Theatre by becoming a Supporting Member for $25 a year, or a Patron for $100 a year. Supporting Members and Patrons will receive all Theatre publications and special mailings from other AFI programs. Patrons will receive a special card entitling them to free admission with a guest to all regular performances.

Group membership rates on request. Temporary memberships (good for one month) are $1.50 at the door. All members receive regular program bulletins and may buy tickets in advance for themselves and up to two guests. Telephone, write, or come into the AFI Theatre: 554-1000, 2:30 - 7:30 PM daily.

To The AFI Theatre (Membership), 429 L'Enfant Plaza SW, Washington, DC 20024.

☐ Renewal (please quote present membership # _____) ☐ New Member

Please enroll me as a ☐ Supporting Member ($25) ☐ Patron ($100) ☐ Regular Member ($10)
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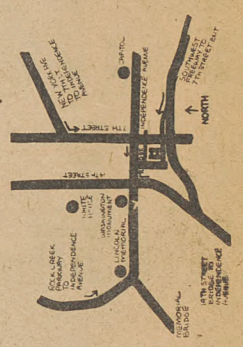
of The American Film Institute Theatre for the next twelve months. (Please enclose your check/money order and mark the appropriate boxes.) ☐ ☐ Please send information on the AFI Theatre to:

Name: _____

Address: _____ Zip: _____

How to Obtain Tickets:
Tickets are generally available at the door; however, by booking in advance you guarantee yourself seats and avoid standing in line on the night. The box office is open 2:30 - 7:30 PM daily. Member tickets are $1.25; Guests $1.75; Children under 14 (any number may come to the weekend matinees accompanied by a member) $.50.



How to Get to the AFI Theatre:
The Theatre is on the lower (parking) level of L'Enfant Plaza SW, a handsome new building complex in the center of Washington. It's two minutes' walk south from the Smithsonian. If you're coming by car, turn off Independence Avenue (under the columns of the Forrestal Building) or the Southwest Freeway. Follow the signs for the parking garage. Self-park your car for only 50¢ in a well-lighted, well-patrolled garage and walk a few steps into the Theatre. You can wait in a warm lobby for a cab -- which we'll be happy to order. Seven bus routes pass nearby and run until midnight.

Black Sabbath

&

Humble Pie

two shows 7&10

Sunday, April 4th

Alexandria Roller Rink

tickets: $4.[advance] $5.[door]

Tickets at: All Slak Shaks; All Montgomery Wards; Hang-ups;
Sixth Sense; and All Rag Bags.
Phone information: 948-9400